

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

尼 勒 斯 萊 尼
NIELS LYHNE

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作者傳略

丹國的想像派大作家雅各生 (J. P. Jacobsen) 生於一八四七年。他的父親是個富商，有子五人，他居長。他的母親富有浪漫精神，過了一世庸俗生活，卻很懇切的要她這個兒子做一個詩人。一八六八年他入可奔海良 (Copenhagen) 大學讀書。他從小就好科學，尤其好植物學。有一個科學會派他往某某兩島研究花卉。這個時候達爾文的新發明，起首引他注意，他把達爾文所著的物種原始及人類世系譯成丹國文。一八七二年他在某澤地採植物標本，得了肺病；這一病使他不能研究科學，他只好致力於文學。他雖然是個有名的科學家，少年時卻很自命為一個詩人。享世界大名的批評家佐治·卜蘭底斯 (George Brandes) 看見他的文章雄健，很詫異；他在這個批評家的潛力之下，遂於一八七三年起首撰一部歷史小說。他作文是很句斟字酌，不輕易下筆的；他“崇拜字句，”以為全世界裏只有一個字或一句話能夠準確的發表他的意思，所以這部歷史小說遲至一八七六年年底纔出版。一八七九年他病重不能執筆，到了一八八〇年他的病勢見好，今所譯的他的第二部小說尼勒斯·萊尼 (Niels Lyhne) 脫稿，費了他四年工夫。一八八二年他刊行六篇短小說，其中的大部分還是前幾年寫的；以後就無什麼著作了。他享過夫婦之樂，可惜享得不久，一八八五年他死於他母親家裏。這部尼勒斯·萊尼 (H. A. Larsen 英文譯本) 寫他少年時代的夢想及

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理想，書裏的人物幾乎無一個不作夢，幾乎無一頁無幾個夢字。書裏的愛情故事卻全是杜撰的，他本人卻是很端方的，絕不肯做可以損害他人的事。有人很早就認得他是丹國的最偉大的散文作家。有人比他作法國的佛羅波爾特 (Flaubert)，英國的狄·昆西 (De Quincey) 及裴爾特 (Pater)，這是說他的文章富有個性，且說他很注意於色彩形狀，及音節。他的潛力在北方頗能及遠。自從一八八〇年以來，挪威及丹馬的慘淡經營作者們，無不被他的潛力所移。

民國二十四年乙亥

月伍光建記

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CHAPTER III

Niels was quite a lad now, twelve years old, nearing thirteen, and he no longer needed to hack thistles and burdocks in order to feed his knightly fancies, any more than he had to launch his explorer's dreams in a mussel-shell. A book and a corner of the sofa were enough for him now, and if the book refused to bear him to the coast of his desires, he would hunt up Frithjof and tell him the tale which the book would not yield. Arm in arm, they would saunter down the road, one telling, both listening; but when they wanted to revel¹ to the full and really give their imagination free play², they would hide in the fragrant dimness of the hayloft. After a while, these stories, which always ended just when you had really entered into them, grew into a single long story that never ended, but lived and died with one generation after the other; for when the hero had grown old, or you had been careless enough to let him die, you could always give him a son, who would inherit everything from the father, and whom, in addition, you could dower with any other virtues that you happened to value particularly just at the moment.

Whatever stamped itself on Niels's mind, what he saw, what he understood and what he misunderstood,

¹revel, 尋快樂. ²play, 發揮.

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第三回

〔萊尼是一個毫不浪漫的男子，娶了一個女人卻是很浪漫的，好讀詩，自己以為是一個奇能女子。他們生下一個兒子名尼勒斯（Niels）譯者注〕。尼勒斯現在很是一個大孩子，有十二歲，快到十三歲啦，用不着砍薊草及牛蒡以供養他的俠士幻想啦，也用不着在一個蛤蜊殼子裏做他的探險家的夢啦。現在他在榻床的一個角落上讀一本書就夠啦，倘若那本書不肯送他到他所想望到的海岸，他會找着佛烈若甫（Fritthjo），告訴他這本書所不肯告訴他的故事。他們手拉手在路上往下走，一個說，兩個聽；但是一到他們要淋漓盡致的快樂一番，當真使他們的幻想得以自由的發揮，他們會躲在乾草堆頂上有香氣的黑暗中。過了一會這些故事（常是當你正在聽得有意思的時候就完了）變作一篇有頭無尾的很長的故事，這一代的人生了，死了，又說一代；因為當那個英雄年紀老了，或因你不小心讓他死了的時候，你常能夠給英雄一個兒子，兒子得了父親的全數遺傳性，況且當時你若特別看重無論任何美德，你還可以賜與英雄的兒子。



尼勒斯心裏得了什麼印象，無論他看見什麼，無
麼，或誤會什麼，無論他讚美什麼，亦無論他

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what he admired and what he knew he ought to admire—all was woven into the story. As running water is colored by every passing picture, sometimes holding the image with perfect clearness, sometimes distorting it or throwing it back in wavering, uncertain lines, then again drowning it completely in the color and play of its own ripples, so the lad's story reflected feelings and thoughts, his own and those of other people, mirrored human beings and events, life and books, as well as it could. It was a play life, running side by side with real life. It was a snug retreat¹, where you could abandon² yourself to dreams of the wildest adventures. It was a fairy garden that opened at your slightest nod, and received you in all its glory, shutting out everybody else. Whispering palms closed overhead; flowers of sunshine and leaves like stars on vines of coral spread at your feet, and among them a thousand paths led to all the ages and the climes. If you followed one, it would lead you to one place, and if you followed another, it would lead you to another place, to Aladdin and Robinson Crusoe, to Vaulunder and Henrik Magnard, to Niels Klim and Mungo Park, to Peter Simple and Odysseus—and the moment you wished it, you were home again.

About a month after Niels's twelfth birthday, two new faces appeared at Lönborggaard.

One was that of the new tutor; the other was that of Edele Lyhne.

The tutor, Mr. Bigum, was a candidate for orders and was at the threshold of the forties. He was rather small,

¹ retreat, 退藏地方. ² abandon, 縱容.

曉得他應該讚美什麼——他全拿來組織這篇故事。有如流水被其所經過的風景染成顏色，有免得了完備清楚的形影，有時使形影變作奇形怪狀，有時使形影變作浪紋，成爲無定形的綫，隨後又完全使形影沉理在流水自己的微波的顏色及流動裏，（以流水比人心，可謂妙喻，譯者注）這個孩子的故事也是這樣反照感情及思想，所反照的就是他自己的及他人的思想及感情，盡其所能照出人類及世事，生活及書籍。這是一種演劇的生活，與真實生活並行。又是一個窄小舒服的退藏地方，你在這裏就能夠縱容你自己做最離奇冒險事的夢。（有人批評，說本書的英雄原是一個極其浪漫的詩人，日夜在夢中過活，所以這部書幾乎無一頁不有幾個夢字，譯者注。）你只要極其稍微的點一點頭，一座仙人的花園就開門迎接你，只請你看園裏的全數光華，無論什麼人都閉門不納。近在你的頭上有低聲作響的棕櫚樹；鋪在你腳下的是有日光那樣鮮艷的花及如同衆星那樣閃光的葉，下如同珊瑚那樣的枝上，在這許多樹木叢中有一千條小徑引到全數的古代及地方。你若跟着一條小徑走，就會引你到一處地方，你若跟着另一條小徑走，就引你到另一處地方，引你到阿拉丁（Aladdin 見天方夜談，譯者注。）及羅濱孫（Robinson Crusoe），領你到和蘭特爾及顯理克瑪額持（Vaulunder and Henrik Magnard），領你到尼勒斯克力木及蒙哥帕爾克（Niels Klim and Mungo Park），領你到比得西木普及奧地西阿（Peter Simple and Odysseus）——你只要一想，你又回到家來啦。

尼勒斯過十二歲生日後約一個月，就有兩個生人的臉出現於朗坡伽特（Lönborggaard）。

一個就是新請來的先生；一個就是伊狄爾萊尼（Edele Lyhne）。

先生名貝甘木（Bigum），是個要當教士的，快到四十歲啦。他們身材略小，卻有一條做工的馬的結實氣力，胸脯

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but with a stocky strength like that of a work-horse, broad-chested, high-shouldered, and slightly stooping. He walked with a heavy, slow, deliberate tread, and moved his arms in a vague, expressionless way that seemed to require a great deal of room. His high, wide forehead was flat as a wall, with two perpendicular lines between the eyebrows; the nose was short and blunt, the mouth large with thick, fresh lips. His eyes were his best feature, light in color, mild, and clear. The movements of his eye-balls showed that he was slightly deaf. Nevertheless, he loved music and played his violin with passionate devotion; for the notes, he said, were not heard only with the ears, but with the whole body, eyes, fingers, and feet; if the ear failed sometimes, the hand would find the right note without its aid, by a strange, intuitive genius of its own. Besides, the audible tones were, after all, false, but he who possessed the divine gift of music carried within him an invisible¹ instrument compared to which the most wonderful Cremona² was like the stringed calabash of the savage. On this instrument the soul played; its strings gave forth ideal notes, and upon it the great tone-poets had composed their immortal works.

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Music, however, was by no means Mr. Bigum's chief interest. He was first of all a philosopher, but not one of the productive philosophers who find new laws and build new systems. He laughed at their systems, the

¹ invisible, 看不見, 無形. ² Cremona, 意大利人名, Cremona 所製的提琴.

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是寬的，兩肩是高的，背略駝。他走路是腳步很重，走得慢，很費事纔走一步，他們兩隻膀子搖得空空洞洞，很無表示的，好像要很寬大的地方纔夠得搖擺。他的額高闊，如同牆壁那樣平，兩眉間有兩條很直的線；他的鼻子短而鈍，一個大口，帶着厚而鮮潤的兩脣。他臉上最好看的就是他的兩眼，顏色淡，溫和，清明。他的兩睛的舉動表示他有點聾。他卻喜歡音樂，最喜歡奏提琴；他說因為不獨是用兩耳聽音調，用全身、兩眼、手指、兩腳都可以聽見；若兩耳有時聽不見，用手的一種奇怪的及直覺的天才，用不着耳幫助也會找着正當的音調。況且耳所能聽的音調到底不過是假的，但是一個人既有天賦的知音本領，他心裏就有一件無形的樂器，拿最奇異的一種提琴來相比，不過如野人們在瓢上穿絃的樂器。靈魂演這樣無形的樂器；其上的絃子發生意想的音調，偉大的聲調詩人們就是在這種樂器上編製他們的不朽的歌曲（上文以流水比心，此處以心聲論樂，饒有創解，本書如此等處甚多。譯者注。）



貝甘木所最注意的卻不止是音樂。他又是一個哲學家，卻不是一個有生發的，有生發的哲學家找出新法律及設立新系統。他笑他們的系統，說是蝸牛的殼，他們拖着

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snail-shells in which they dragged themselves across the illimitable field of thought, fondly imagining that the field was within the snail-shell! And these laws--laws of thought, laws of nature! Why, the discovery of a law meant nothing but the fixing of your own limitations: I can see so far and no farther--as if there were not another horizon beyond the first, and another and yet another, horizon beyond horizon, law beyond law, in an unending vista! No, he was not that kind of a philosopher. He did not think he was vain, or that he overvalued himself, but he could not close his eyes to the fact that his intellect had a wider span than that of other mortals¹.

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Yet there were other times when the solitude of his greatness weighed upon him and depressed him.

Ah, how often, when he had communed² with himself in sacred silence, hour after hour, and then returned again to consciousness of the audible, visible life round about him, had he not felt himself a stranger to its paltriness and corruptibility. Then he had often been like the monk who listened in the monastery woods to a single trill of the paradise bird and, when he came back, found that a century had died. Ah, if the monk was lonely with the generation that lived among the groves he knew, how much more lonely was the man whose contemporaries³ had not yet been born.

In such desolate moments he would sometimes be seized with a cowardly longing to sink down to the level

¹ mortals, 人. ² communed, 親密談話. ³ contemporaries, 志同道合的人, 同時代的人.

殼子在無限的思想區域上走，他們還很高興的想像他們所走的地方是在殼子裏！他們的法律——思想法律，自然法律！有什麼道理好說呀，發明一條新法律算不了什麼，不過規定你自己的界限：不過是說我只能看見這樣遠，再遠我卻不能看見了——好像在第一線天涯外並無另一個天涯，在這另一個天涯外更無天涯，他們不曉得律外還有律，看過去原是無窮無盡的！不是的，他不是這種哲學家。他既不以自己爲自視太高，亦不太過看重自己，他不過不能閉目無睹，他曉得他的知性所見更廣，廣過他人的。

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〔他原是一個很偉大的思想家。譯者注。〕但是有時他索解不得的孤立的偉大反拖累他，壓下他。

呀，當他在神聖的無言中自己用自己很親密的討論的時候，過了一點鐘又過一點鐘，隨後又走回頭覺得在他左右前後的耳能聞目能見的世界，很曉得世界的卑劣及腐敗。這時候他往往好像那個和尚，在寺院的樹林裏不過聽見天堂鳥的單獨一聲的顫動的歌唱，等他回到寺院裏，就覺得已經過了一百年。倘若這個和尚與他所曉得的住在叢林的那一代的人們同居，自己還是孤立無偶的，一個人既尙無與他志同道合的人們出世，他是多麼孤寂呀。

當他覺得這樣孤寂的時候，有時會作一種懦夫的渴想，要沉下來，沉到同平常人一樣，分享他們的下賤歡樂

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of the common herd, to share their lowborn happiness, to become a native of their great earth and a citizen of their little heaven. But soon he would be himself again.

The other newcomer was Edele Lyhne, Lyhne's twenty-six-year-old sister. She had lived many years in Copenhagen, first with her mother, who had moved to the city when she became a widow, and, after her mother's death, in the home of a wealthy uncle, Councillor of State Neergaards. The Neergaards entertained on a large scale and went out a great deal, so Edele lived in a whirl of balls and festivities.

She was admired wherever she went, and envy, the faithful shadow of admiration, also followed her. She was talked about as much as one can be without having done anything scandalous, and whenever men discussed the three reigning beauties of the town there were always many voices in favor of striking out one name and substituting that of Edele Lyhne, but they could never agree on which of two others should yield to her—as for the third, it was out of the question.

Yet very young men did not admire her. They were abashed¹ in her presence, and felt twice as stupid as usual when she listened to them with her look of mild toleration—a maliciously emphasized toleration which crushed them with a sense that she had heard it all before and knew it by heart. They made efforts to shine in her eyes and their own by assuming *blasés* airs, by inventing wild paradoxes, or, when their desperation reached a climax, by making bold declarations; but all these at-

¹ abashed, 自覺慚愧, 有愧色.

(所謂同流合污。譯者注。),變作他們的大地的一個本土人,做他們的小天下的一個市民。但是不久他恢復他自己的常態。

另一個新來的人就是伊狄爾萊尼 (Edele Lyhno),她是萊尼的妹妹,現年二十六歲。她在丹馬都城住過幾年,最初是同她的母親住,她一當了寡婦就搬到國都住,後來她的母親死了,就住在一個有錢的叔父家裏,他名尼爾伽特 (Neergaards),是一個參政。尼爾伽特們好大規模的宴客,常出門應酬,所以伊狄爾常在跳舞會及慶節的漩渦裏過活。

她無論走到那裏都有人讚美她,有讚美就有妒忌,所以就有許多人妒忌她。有許多人談論她,她並不曾做過無論什麼不名譽的事,會有這許多人談論,是很難得的,男人們無論什麼時候討論本京的三個打倒餘人的三個美人,常有許多人說話想除丟一個人的名,把伊狄爾萊尼的名字補上,但是他們永遠不能商定兩個美人裏頭那一個該讓位給她——至於那第三人是不成問題的了。

少年男子們卻不是個個都讚美她。他們一見她就自覺慚愧,當她帶着和平的容忍神氣聽他們說話的時候,他們覺得自己比向來加倍的蠢愚——她的容忍原是一種懷惡意的及很顯露的容忍,表示她從前全聽過,她又很記得,這種容忍很壓倒他們。他們裝出厭倦娛樂的神氣,或造幾句亂雜似若背理的話,或當他們絕望到了極點的時候大膽亂說一番,他們用這種種方法,努力要在她的眼裏及他們自己的眼裏眩耀一番;不料全數這樣的嘗試。在少年人

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tempts, jostling and crowding one upon the other in the abrupt transitions of youth, were met with the faint shadow of a smile, a deadly smile of boredom, which made the victim redden and feel that he was the one hundred and eleventh fly in the same merciless spider's web.

Moreover, her beauty had neither the softness nor the fire to ensnare young hearts. On older hearts and cooler heads she exercised a peculiar fascination.

She was tall. Her thick, heavy hair was blonde with the faint reddish sheen of ripening wheat, but fairer and curling where it grew in two points low on the nape of her neck. Under the high, cleancut forehead, her eyebrows were pale and indefinite. The light gray eyes were large and clear, neither accented by the brows nor borrowing fitful shadows from the thin, delicate lids. There was something indeterminate and indeterminable in their expression. They always met you with a full and open gaze, without any of the changeful play of sidelong glances or lightning flashes, but almost unnaturally wakeful, invincible, inscrutable. The vivacity was all in the lower part of the face, the nostrils, the mouth, and the chin. The eyes merely looked on. The mouth was particularly expressive. The lips met in a lovely bow with deep, gracious curves and flexible lines, but their beauty was a little marred by a hardness of the lower lip, which sometimes melted away in a smile, and then again stiffened into something akin to brutality.

The bold sweep of the back and the luxuriant fullness of the bosom, contrasted with the classic severity of the shoulders and arms, gave her an audacity, an exotic fas-

的忽然變態中互相擠擁，她不過付諸微微的一笑，這是表示討厭的致命傷的微笑，使那個被她所笑的犧牲滿臉通紅，又使他覺得他是投在同一不慈不悲的蜘蛛網裏頭的第一百十一隻蒼蠅。

況且她的美貌既無溫柔又無火焰能迷少年男子的心。她對於心腸更老及頭腦更冷清的人們施行一種特別的潛力。

她的身材高。她的濃重頭髮是老黃色的，微微帶點成熟麥子的淡紅光，卻略淡些，垂在她頸背的長成兩個尖子卻是鬚的。她的兩眉在高而像雕刻得很清楚的額下是淡的又是混成的。淡灰色的眼大而清明，既不被兩眉所襯托，亦不借重於薄而細嫩的眼皮的無定的影。這一雙眼的神色有點無定，又是不能定的。兩眼常是睜得很大，又是很光明磊落的看人，既不斜視，又不是如電光那樣一瞬即逝，全無任何富於改變的作用，幾乎是不自然的警醒，不轉睛的，不能看透的。她的精神全在臉的下部，在鼻孔、口、及下頷。兩眼不過是看着。她的嘴特別有表示。兩脣相合成爲一個很好看的弓形，帶着深的，好看的曲線及柔軟活動的線，可惜兩脣的美稍微被下脣的堅硬所礙，這片下脣脣有時化作微笑，隨即又變硬了，有點像殘酷。

她的背的剛健曲線及她的胸脯的高聳的飽滿，與她的兩肩兩臂的古時石像的嚴整無華相反襯，給她一種膽

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ination, which was enhanced by the gleaming whiteness of her skin and the morbid redness of her lips. The effect was provocative¹ and disquieting.

Her tall, slender figure had a subtle² distinction, which she was clever enough to underscore, especially in her ball dresses, with sure and conscious art. In fact, her artistic sense applied to her own person would sometimes speak so loudly from her costume that it barely escaped a hint of bad taste even when most exquisitely tasteful. To many this seemed an added charm.

Nothing could be more punctiliously³ correct than her behavior. In what she said, and in what she permitted to be said, she kept within the strictest bounds of prudery⁴. Her coquetry consisted in not being coquettish, in being incurably blind to her own power, and never making the slightest distinction between her admirers. For that very reason, they all dreamed intoxicating dreams of the face that must be hidden behind the mask; they believed in a fire under the snow and scented depravity⁵ in her innocence. None of them would have been surprised to hear that she had a secret lover, but neither would they have ventured to guess his name.

This was the way people saw Edele Lyhne.

She had left the city for Lönborggaard, because her health had suffered from the constant round of pleasures, the thousand and one nights of balls and masquerades. Toward the end of the winter, the doctor had declared her lungs to be affected, and had prescribed fresh air,

¹ provocative, 令人發怒, 令人不快. ² subtle, 微妙, 細微.
³ punctiliously, 細微的. ⁴ bounds of prudery, 男女之防
⁵ depravity, 淫蕩.

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量及非所本有的迷人之處，加以她的皮膚的發光的白及兩脣的死紅色，就現出她更有膽更能迷人。結果就是令人見了不快與不寧。

她的高瘦身材有一種很細微與人不同之處，她卻很聰明的用有把握的及很用心的美術很顯露的表現出來，她在她所穿的跳舞衣服上，尤其用心打扮。她的美術知識推用於打扮她自己，有時她的衣服穿得太好看，即使是穿得極其清雅，也難免人家批評她太俗。有許多人卻以為她更能迷人。

她的行爲卻是極其正當，凡是細微地方都無不顧到。她所說的話，及她許人對她所說的話，無不嚴守男女之防的。她另有她的引誘男子的本事，她以不引誘爲引誘，完全盲目無睹的不曉得她自己的引誘男人的力量，對於讚美她的男子們一視同仁，毫不表示區別。因爲這個理由，他們全在那裏做麻醉的夢，夢想那個必定藏在假面具下的真面目；他們相信藏在雪下是一片火，相信她的貞靜之下藏着有香氣的淫蕩。(以上數段分寫她的面貌身材及行爲，寫得異樣的曲折深刻。譯者注)。他們若是聽說她有一個祕密愛人，是絕不會詫異的，即無人敢說出那個人的名姓來。

人們看伊狄爾萊尼就是這樣。

她離開都城到朗坡伽特來，原爲的是她赴過上千夜的跳舞會及戴假面具的跳舞會，娛樂太過，染了病。快到冬末的時候，醫生說她的肺有病，吩咐她吸新鮮空氣，休

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quiet, and milk. All these things she found in abundance in her present abode, but she also found an unceasing boredom, which made her long for Copenhagen before a week had passed. She filled letter after letter with entreaties that she might be allowed to return from her exile, and hinted¹ that homesickness did her more harm than the air did her good. But the doctor had so alarmed her uncle and aunt that they felt it their duty to turn a deaf ear to her lamentations, no matter how pathetic.

It was not so much the social diversions she pined for²; it was rather that she craved the sense of feeling her own life mingling with the sound-filled air of the great city, whereas in the country the stillness in thoughts, in words, in eyes—in everything—made her feel as though she heard herself unceasingly and with inescapable distinctness, just as one hears a watch ticking through a sleepless night. And to know that over there they were living exactly as before—it was as if she were lying dead in the quiet night and heard the strains of music from a ballroom stealing on the air over her grave.

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And then to be called aunt, Aunt Edele. How it grated on her ears! She got used to it after a while, but in the beginning it made the relation between her and Niels rather cool.

Niels did n't care.

Then came a Sunday in the early part of August, when Lyhne and his wife had gone out in the carriage to pay

¹ hinted, 示意. ² pined for, 渴想到心痛.

息，及吃牛奶。她現時住在這裏，這三樣事物是很多的，但是她卻常覺得不停的煩悶無味，到了這裏不過一禮拜，她又渴想都城。她寫了許多信求從貶所回去，她還示意說想家的病的禍害重過空氣的利益。但是醫生曾很恐嚇過她的叔父叔母，他們覺得無論她說得多麼動聽，只該當作充耳不聞。

她所渴想的並不全是社會場中的消遣；她所渴想的是要她自己混在大城邑的熱鬧場中，在鄉下未免太寂靜，思想，說話，與眼所見的事物，及無論什麼事物，無一不是一片寂靜，毫無生發的——使她覺得好像不停的只是聽見她自己，聽得很清楚，要不聽也作不到，如同終夜不眠聽見時表達達的嚮一般。她曉得在京城裏他們還是一毫不改同從前一樣過活——她自己好像是在靜寂的深夜，躺在那裏死了的一般，只聽見一陣一陣的音樂，從跳舞廳偷偷的吹到她的墳墓上。

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〔她住在這裏，所見所聞無一能夠使她歡喜的，她的姪兒尼勒斯喊她姑母。譯者注。〕被人喊姑母，喊伊狄爾姑母。她聽了覺得多麼逆耳難聽呀！初時她與尼勒斯的關係是很冷淡的，過了幾時，她覺得慣些。

尼勒斯卻不管。

八月初的星期日，萊尼和他的女人出去坐馬車拜客，

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a visit, and Niels and Miss Edele were home alone. In the morning Edele had asked Niels to pick some corn-flowers for her, but he had forgotten it. Suddenly, in the afternoon, as he was walking with Frithjof, he remembered, gathered a bouquet, and ran up to the house with it.

Everything was so still that he imagined his aunt must be asleep, and crept silently through the house. At the threshold of the sitting-room he stopped, with bated breath, preparing to approach Edele's door. The sitting-room was flooded with sunshine, and a blossoming oleander made the air heavy with its sweet fragrance. There was no sound except a muffled splash from the flower-stand whenever the goldfish moved in their glass dish.

Niels crossed the room, balancing himself with outstretched arms, his tongue between his teeth. Cautiously he grasped the door-knob, which was so hot with the sun that it burned his hand, and turned it slowly and carefully, knitting his brows and half closing his eyes. He pulled the door toward him, bent in through the narrow opening, and laid the flowers on a chair just within. The room was dark as if the shades were down, and the air seemed moist with fragrance, the fragrance of attar of roses. As he stooped, he saw only the light straw matting on the floor, the wainscoting under the window, and the lacquered foot of a Gueridon; but when he straightened himself to back out of the door, he caught sight of his aunt.

She was stretched full-length on a couch of sea-green satin, dressed in a fanciful gypsy costume, As she lay on her back, chin up, throat tense, and forehead low,

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只剩了尼勒斯及伊狄爾小姐兩人在家。早上伊狄爾曾叫尼勒斯替她摘些矢車菊，他卻忘記了。到了下午，他同佛烈若甫散步，忽然記起，採了一個花球，跑回家裏。

家裏很寂靜，他以爲姑母必定睡着了。他走到起坐間的門口就停住腳，屏息，預備走近伊狄爾的房門口。起坐間照着一片陽光，一株正在開花的夾竹桃使滿空中的香氣很濃。屋裏並無聲響，只聽見金魚在玻璃盤內不甚響的遊水聲，從花架間出來。

尼勒斯穿過屋子，伸出兩臂均稱他自己，把他的舌頭放在牙間。他很小心地抓住門把，太陽曬熱門把，熨他的手，他縐着眉頭，半閉兩眼很小心的轉門把。他把房門向他自己拉，拉開一條窄縫，彎着身子走進去，把花放在剛在門裏的一把椅子上。屋裏黑，好像是放下簾子一般，空中帶着潤香，是玫瑰油的香。當他彎腰的時候，他只看見地板上的淡色的草蓆，窗下的護牆板，及一個 *Gueridon* 的漆腳。但是當他伸直腰往後退出的時候，他看見他的姑母。

原來她身子直直的躺在海水綠的緞子榻上，穿着一身異樣的流民衣服。她是仰面躺着，下頷向上，喉嚨緊緊

her loosened hair flowed down over the end of the couch and along the rug. An artificial pomegranate flower looked as if it had been washed ashore on an island made by a little bronze-colored shoe in the midst of the dull golden stream.

The motley colors of her dress were rich and mellow. Dull blue, pale rose, gray, and orange were blended in the pattern of a little low-cut bodice of a thick, lustreless stuff. Underneath, she wore a white silk chemise with wide sleeves falling to the elbow. The white had a faint pinkish tone, and was shot with threads of reddish gold. Her skirt of pansy-colored velvet without any border was gathered loosely around her, and slid down over the side of the couch in slanting folds. Her feet and legs were bare, and around her crossed ankles she had wound a necklace of pale corals. An open fan was lying on the floor, showing its pattern of playing-cards arranged in a wheel, and a little farther away a pair of leaf-brown silk stockings had been thrown, one partly rolled up, the other spread out and revealing the red clock¹.

At the same moment that Niels caught sight of her, she saw him. Involuntarily she made a slight movement as if to rise, but checked herself and lay still as before, only turning her head a little to look at the boy with a questioning smile.

"I brought these," he said, and went over to her with the flowers.

She held out her hand, glanced at them and then at her costume, comparing the colors, and dropped them

¹elock, 磁花.

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的，額頭放低，她的鬆頭髮垂到榻尾，沿着毯子。一朵假的石榴花好像從海面刮上一個島，這個島就是在深黃金色水中的一隻紅銅色的小鞋。

她衣服上的雜湊顏色是鮮艷的，溫和的。她的胸衣開領開得很低，是厚而無光的衣料做的，有深藍、淡紫、灰色、橙黃色混在衣上的花紋中。胸衣下是一件白綢襯衣，寬袖落在手肘上。白中有淡淡的粉紅色，有略帶紅色的金線穿過。她的裙子是蝴蝶花色的天鵝絨製的，並不鑲邊，鬆鬆的披在身上，斜斜的摺疊着，拖下來蓋住榻邊。她的脚及脛全露着。膝上繞着一串淡色的珊瑚。一把打開的扇子躺在地板上，露出花紋，是紙牌繞成一個輪子，離扇子不遠有一雙棕色的絲襪，原是她摔在那裏的，一隻有一部分捲起來，一隻平鋪着，現出襪上的紅花。

當尼勒斯看見她的時候，她同時也看見他。她不由自主的略動一動，好像要起來，卻止住她自己，仍然同從前一樣躺在那裏不動，不過稍微轉頭，帶着要詰問的微笑看那個孩子。

他說道“我送這些花來”，拿着花走過去。

她伸出手，看看花，看看她的衣服，比較顏色，放下花

with a wearily murmured "Impossible!"

Niels would have picked them up, but she stopped him with a motion of her hand.

"Give me that!" she said, pointing to a red flask that lay on a crumpled handkerchief at her feet.

Niels went to take it. His face was crimson, as he bent over the milkwhite, gently rounded legs and the long, slender feet, which had almost the intelligence of a hand in their fine flexible curves. He felt dizzy, and when one foot suddenly turned and bent downward with a quick movement, he almost fell.

"Where did you pick the flowers?" Edele asked.

Niels pulled himself together and turned toward her. "I picked them in the pastor's rye-field," he said, in a voice that sounded strange to himself. He handed her the flask without looking up.

Edele noticed his emotion and looked at him astonished. Suddenly she blushed, raised herself on one arm, and drew her feet under her petticoat. "Go, go, go, go!" she said, half peevishly, half shyly, and at every word she sprayed him with the attar of roses.

Niels went. When he was out of the room, she let her feet glide slowly down from the couch and looked at them curiously.

Running with unsteady steps, he hurried through the house to his own room. He felt quite stunned; there was a strange weakness in his knees and a choking sensation in his throat. He threw himself down on the couch and closed his eyes, but it was of no avail, a strange restlessness possessed him; his breath came heavily as in fear, and the light tortured him in spite of his closed eyelids.

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來，帶着厭倦聲音，喃喃的說道“不可能”！

尼勒斯正想把花拾起來，她搖搖手，叫他不必拾。

她指她脚下放在一塊揉成團的手帕上的一個紅花瓶，說道“你給我這個”！

尼勒斯走去取瓶。他彎着身子，看見牛乳那麽白白的微灣的圓脛及長瘦的腳，他就滿面通紅，她的腳成爲很好看的柔軟曲線，其靈活幾乎與手相同。他覺得頭暈，他的一隻腳忽然轉過去很快往下彎的時候，他幾乎跌倒。

伊狄爾問道“你從那裏採來的花”？

尼勒斯抖擻精神，掉過頭來對着她，說道“我是在牧師的麥田上摘的，”他自己也覺得他自己的聲音奇怪。他不擡頭遞瓶給她。

伊狄爾看見他的情緒，很詫異的看了他。她忽然臉紅，用一隻手扶榻，起來把兩腳縮入裙裏。她有一半生氣，有一半畏羞，說道“你走，走，走，走！”她每說一句話，就有玫瑰油噴他。

尼勒斯走了。等到他走出屋子的時候，她把兩腳慢慢從榻溜下來，她很好奇的看看她的兩腳。

他腳步不牢的亂走，匆匆穿過屋子，走入他自己的屋裏。他覺得很糊塗了；他覺得兩膝很奇怪的變作無力了，又覺得喉嚨塞住了，他倒在榻上閉了雙目，也是枉然，因爲有一種奇怪的擾動迷住他啦；他難以呼吸，好像同害怕一般，他雖然緊閉兩眼，光亮還是驚擾他。

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Little by little a change came over him. A hot, heavy breath seemed to blow on him and make him helplessly weak. He felt as one in a dream who hears some one calling and tries to go, but cannot move a foot, and is tortured by his weakness, sickens with his longing to get away, is lashed to madness by this calling which does not know one is bound. And he sighed impatiently as if he were ill and looked around quite lost. Never had he felt so miserable, so lonely, so forsaken, and so forlorn.

He sat down in the flood of sunlight from the window, and wept.

From that day Niels felt a timid happiness in Edele's presence. She was no more a human being like any one else, but an exalted creature, divine by virtue of her strange, mystic beauty. His heart throbbed with rapture¹ in merely looking at her, kneeling to her in his heart, crawling to her feet in abject self-effacement. Yet there were moments when his adoration had to have vent² in outward signs of subjection. At such times he would lie in wait for a chance to steal into Edele's room and go through a fixed rite of a certain interminable number of kisses lavished on the little rug in front of her bed, her shoe, or any other object that presented itself to his idolatry.

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He wept softly and prayed with clasped hands, eagerly and incessantly, in a low, passionate whisper. He told God that he would not stop hoping. "I won't let You

¹ rapture, 狂樂. ² to have vent, 發洩, 有出路.

他慢慢改變啦。好像有一陣熱的重的呼吸向着他吹，使他變作衰弱無力，動不得。他好像做夢，聽見有人喊他，他想去，連一隻腳也動不得，被他的衰弱無力所窘，很想走開又走不開，心理覺得很難過，喊他的人不曉得他受了束縛，這樣叫喊使他怒到發狂。他很不耐煩的歎一口氣，好像患病一般，覺得很糊塗了，四面看看。他向來不會覺得這個時候那樣愁苦，孤寂，那樣無人理他，那樣的可憐。

他坐在從窗口進來的一片陽光裏頭，坐着哭。

從這天起尼勒斯一見了伊狄爾就覺得一陣膽怯的歡樂。據他看來，她與常人不同，她是一個出類拔萃的人，因為她的奇異的、神祕的美麗，她簡直是一個神。他只要一看見她就狂樂到心跳，心裏就想跪在她面前，降低他自己的人格，當自己是個卑賤人，爬到她腳下。他心裏不獨崇拜她，有時候他的崇拜還要用外表的甘受降伏發洩出來。到了這種時候他會躲着，等候機會，偷偷走入伊狄爾的屋子，行完一套一定的禮節，不停的吻她床前的小地毯若干次，吻她的鞋，或無論擺在面前他所崇拜的其餘物件。

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〔後來伊狄爾病了快有一年，到快死的那一天，尼勒斯跪在病榻前。譯者注。〕他低聲哭，合着兩手熱烈不停的祈禱，低聲說很激烈的話。他告訴上帝他不肯停止希望。“主呀，我不放你走，你要先說明，答應了我纔肯讓你走！”

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go, Lord, I won't let You go before You have said 'Yes!' You must n't take her away from us; for You know how we love her—You must n't, You must n't! Oh, I can't say, 'Thy will be done;' for Your will is to let her die, but, oh, let her live! I will thank You and obey You. I will do everything I know You want me to do. I'll be so good and never offend You, if You will only let her live! Do You hear, God? Oh, stop, stop, and make her well before it's too late! I will, I will, oh, what can I promise You?—Oh, I'll thank You, never, never, forget You; oh, but hear me! Don't You see she's dying, don't You see she's dying? Do You hear? Take Your hand away! I can't lose her, God, I can't! Let her live, won't You please, won't You please? Oh, it's wicked of You—"

White and still, Edele lay there with the old man's hand between both of hers. Slowly she breathed out her life, breath by breath; fainter and fainter was the rising of her breast; heavier and heavier fell the eyelids.

"My love to Copenhagen!" was her last low whisper.

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CHAPTER VI

Mr. Boye, her husband, had been a pharmacist, an *assessor pharmacia*, and had been knighted. When he died he was sixty and owned a barrel and a half of gold. So far as any one knew, they had lived quite happily together. In the first three years of their marriage, the elderly husband had been very much in love, but later they had each lived their own life, he busy with his garden and with keeping up his reputation as a great

你必不可以從我們家裏帶她走入；因為你曉得我們多麼愛她——你必不可以帶她走，你必不可以帶她走！噯，我不能說，你想怎麼辦就怎麼辦；因為你想要她死，但是，你得讓她活！我將謝你，我將服從你。你要我做無論什麼事，只要我曉得，我全肯做。只要你肯讓她活，我就肯做很好的好人，永不得罪你！上帝呀，你聽見麼？且住，且住，你先治好她的病，不然，就恐來不及啦！我能答應你做什麼？我肯做，我肯做。——我肯謝你，永遠不忘你，永遠不忘你；你聽我說呀！你看不見她快要死麼！你看不見她快要死麼？你聽不見麼？你把你的手拿開！我不能失丟她，上帝呀，我不能失丟她！你得讓她活，你不肯讓她活麼，你不肯讓她活麼？噯，你是很不好——”

伊狄爾一臉死白色，躺在那裏不動，她的兩手抓住老人的一隻手。她慢慢的一口一口的氣喘出來，把她的性命喘完了；她的胸脯起落得越弱；她的眼皮下墮得越重。

最後她低聲說道，“我送我的愛給可本海良！”

第 六 回

〔伊狄爾死後六個月萊尼的一個表姊妹或堂姊妹利特陸普太太 (Mrs. Refstrup) 寡了，有七個兒女，把第二個兒子年方十四歲的伊力克 (Erik) 寄養在萊尼家裏，伊力克，尼勒斯及牧師的兒子佛烈若甫 (Frithjof) 同受業於貝甘木。有一天伊力克介紹一個坡伊 (Boye) 太太見萊尼及佛烈若甫。今說坡伊夫婦的來歷。譯者注。〕她的丈夫坡伊原來是一個配藥師，受過騎士的封。他死的時候有六十歲，死的時候有一大桶半的金錢。以人們所知的而說，他們兩夫婦同居過很快樂的日子。他們結婚的頭三年，這個年老的丈夫是很愛她的，後來卻分居啦，他忙他的花園，又忙於保存他的令名，因為他是打圍獵鹿的好手，她

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man at stag parties, she with theatres, romantic music, and German poetry.

Then he died.

When the year of mourning was over, the widow went to Italy and lived there for two or three years, spending most of the time in Rome. There was nothing in the rumor that she had smoked opium in the French club, nor in the story that she had allowed herself to be modelled in the same manner as Paulina Borghese; and the little Russian prince who shot himself while she was in Naples did not commit suicide for her sake. It was true, however, that German artists never tired of serenading¹ her; and it was true that one morning she had donned the dress of an Albanian peasant girl and had seated herself on the steps of a church high up in the Via Sistina, where a newly arrived artist had engaged her to stand as a model for him with a pitcher on her head and a little brown boy holding her hand. At least there was such a picture hanging on her wall.

CHAPTER VII

Perhaps Mrs. Boye would be in. This was not one of her evenings and it was rather late. Suppose he try, anyway.

Mrs. Boye was in. She was home alone. Too tired from the spring air to go to a dinner party with her niece, she had preferred to lie on the sofa, drinking strong tea

¹serenading, 晚上在愛人的窗下奏樂或唱歌。

尼 勒 斯 萊 尼

卻忙於看戲，聽浪漫的音樂，及日耳曼詩歌。

隨後他死了。

這個寡婦守制一年就到了意大利，住了兩三年，居多在羅馬消遣。謠傳說她在佛蘭西聯歡社吸鴉片煙，又有人說她同保利那坡吉斯一樣當模特兒，其實都並無其事；當她在那不勒斯的時候有一個小的俄羅斯王爵自開手槍打自己，亦並不是因為她而自殺的。但是有許多日耳曼美術家很愛她常恭維她，這是實有其事的；有一天早上她穿上阿爾巴尼亞鄉下女子衣服，坐在西斯丁那街高處的教堂的台階上，那裏有一個新到的美術師雇她站在那裏當模特兒，她的頭上頂着一個水甕，還有一個棕色臉的小孩子抓住她的手，這也是有的。她屋裏的牆上至少也掛着這樣的一幅畫。

〔後來有一個人是個懷疑派愛上她，她也起首愛他，他以為來得太容易，就走了，不回來啦。譯者注。〕

第 七 回

〔有一天尼勒斯的兩個同學不在家，他無精打彩在街上閒逛。譯者注〕也許坡伊太太在家。這卻不是她見客的晚上，況且已經有點太遲了。姑且試試看。

坡伊太太果然在家。只是她一個人在家。春天氣候太倦人，她不願帶她的姪女去赴席，寧願在家躺在榻上，喝

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and reading Heine; but now she was tired of verses and wanted to play lotto.

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She folded her hands before her on the disks and looked at Niels with a hopeless, inquiring gaze.

Niels really did not know.

"Anything but music!" She bent her face down over her hands and touched her lips to the knuckles, one after the other, the whole row, then back again. "This is the most wretched existence in the world," she said, looking up. "It is n't possible to have anything like an adventure, and the small happenings that life has to offer are surely not enough to keep one's spirits up. Don't you feel that, too?"

"Well, I can't suggest anything better than that we act like the Caliph in Arabian Nights. With that silk kimono you are wearing, if you would only wind a white cloth around your head, and let me have your large Indian shawl, we could easily pass for two merchants from Mossul."

"And what should we two unfortunate merchants do?"

"Go down to Storm Bridge, hire a boat for twenty pieces of gold, and sail up the dark river."

"Past the sand-chests?"

"Yes, with colored lamps on the masthead."

"Like Ganem, the Slave of Love.—Oh, I know that line of thought so well! It's exactly like a man—to get

尼 勒 斯 萊 尼

濃茶讀亥諾(Heine);現在她讀詩讀厭了,要賭羅圖(lotto)。

(賭了好一會覺得無意思。譯者注。)

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她兩手交加看着尼勒斯,毫無希望的兩眼瞪着。

尼勒斯其實也不曉得說什麼好。

她垂頭,臉蓋着她的兩隻手,用脣舔手指節,逐個舔過,全排都舔過,隨即又回頭。她擡頭說道,“什麼都好,只是不要音樂。我活在世上,這是最難過的日子。做一件冒險事原不是做不到的,人生所遇的小事實在不夠振作人的精神,你是不是也覺得這樣麼?”

“我們不如做天方夜談的哈利弗,我所能提議的不能比這個更好啦。你身上已經穿上那件綢子的大衣,你只要肯繞一條白布在你頭上,讓我披上你的印度大披巾,我們就能夠很容易冒充從毛夕爾(Mossul)來的兩個客商。”

“我們兩個不幸的客商該作些什麼呢?”

“我們走下大風橋,花二十個金錢租一條船,揚帆向黑河上駛。”

“走過沙箱麼?”

“走過的,桅頂上有顏色燈。”

像愛情的奴隸伽尼木(Ganem)。——呀,我很曉得那種思想的路數!忙到了不得布景及安排背景,因為這樣

so terribly busy building up scenery and background, forgetting the action itself for the setting. Have you never noticed that women live much less in their imagination than men? We don't know how to taste pleasure in our fancy or escape from pain with a fanciful consolation. What is, is. Imagination—it is so innocuous¹. When we get as old as I am now, then sometimes we content ourselves with the poverty-stricken² comedy of imagination. But we ought never to do it—never!”

She settled herself languidly on the sofa, half reclining, her hand under her chin, her elbow supported by the cushions. She gazed dreamily out before her, and seemed quite lost in melancholy thoughts.

Niels was silent too, and the room was so quiet that the restless hopping of the canary bird was plainly heard; the great clock ticked and ticked its way through the silence, louder and louder, and a string in the open piano, suddenly vibrating, emitted a long, low, dying note that blended with the softly singing stillness.

She looked very young as she lay there, flooded from head to foot in the soft yellow light of the lamp above her. There was something alluring³ in the incongruity⁴ of her beautiful, strongly moulded throat and matronly Charlotte Corday cap with the frank child-eyes and the little mouth opening over milkwhite teeth.

Niels looked at her admiringly.

“How strange it is to long for one's self!” she said; “and yet I often, so often, long for myself as a young girl. I love her as one whom I had been very close to and shared

¹ innocuous, 無毒的, 無害的. ² poverty-stricken, 窮極無聊.
³ alluring, 引人, 動人. ⁴ incongruity, 不相稱, 不倫不類.

的布置，卻忘記了演戲，——這確像是男子做的事。女人們在她們想像中過活，比男人們少得多，你始終不曾注意過麼？我們不曉得在我們的幻想中嘗娛樂，亦不用幻想的安慰擺脫痛苦。我們是求實在的。想像——原是無害的。等到我們如我現在這樣老，有時我們滿意於想像的窮極無聊的諧劇。但是我們絕不該做——絕不該做！”

她無精打彩的靠在榻上，斜着半個身子，一手托住下頷，用墊子靠着肘。她好像做夢的瞪着兩眼往外看，又好像很失神的在那裏作無聊的思想。

尼勒斯也不響，屋裏很安靜，只聽見很清楚那隻芙蓉鳥在那裏不停的跳：大時鐘在寂靜中達達的響，越走越響，在那個開了蓋的鋼琴裏頭有一條絃忽然顫動，發出一個長而低，逐漸消滅的聲音，同低聲歌唱的寂靜混成一片。

她躺在那裏，她的面貌是很少年的，頭上的燈柔和的黃光照在她身上，從頭照到腳。她的好看的及模範得很結實的喉嚨及她所戴的成年婦女戴的沙拉、柯爾狄、式小帽，她的坦白的好像孩子們的眼，還有張大的小口含着乳白的牙齒，雖然不相稱，卻是很能動人的。

尼勒斯帶着讚美神色看她。

她說道，“一個人爲自己渴想是多麼奇怪呀？我卻屢屢的渴想我自己是一個少年女子。我愛她如同我的至親，

life and happiness and everything with, and then had lost while I stood helpless. What a wonderful time that was! You cannot conceive the purity and delicacy of such a young girl's soul when she is just beginning to love for the first time. It can only be told in music, but you can think of it as a festival in a fairy palace, where the air shines like blushing silver. It is filled with cool flowers, and they change color, their tints are slowly shifting. Everything is song, jubilant and yet soft. Dim presentiments gleam and glow like mystic wine in exquisite dream-goblets. It is all song and fragrance; a thousand scents are wafted through the palace. Oh, I could weep when I think of it, and when I think that if it could all come back to me, by a miracle, just as it was, it would no longer bear me up; I should fall through like a cow trying to dance on cobwebs."

"No, quite the contrary," said Niels eagerly, and his voice trembled, as he went on: "no, the love you could feel now would be much finer, much more spiritual than that young girl's."

"Spiritual! I hate this spiritual love. The flowers growing from that soil are made of cotton cloth; they don't even grow, they are taken from the head and stuck in the heart, because the heart has no flowers of its own. That is exactly what I envy in the young girl: everything about her is genuine, she does not fill the goblet of her love with the makeshift of imagination. Do not suppose, because her love is shot through and shadowed over by imagined pictures and again pictures in a great, teeming vagueness, that she cares more for those images than for the earth she walks upon. It is only that all her senses

如同我與她同過生活，同享歡樂，同享無論什麼，當我孤立無助的時候反失丟她。那是多麼奇異的時代呀！當這個少年女子正在第一次起首戀愛的時候，你不能概念她的靈魂的清潔及嬌嫩。惟有音樂能夠表現出來，但是你能夠思維這樣的情形如同神仙宮殿裏的一種慶節，那裏的空氣放光如同含羞的白銀一般。那裏裝滿了冷花，花會變色，花的顏色的濃淡逐漸變化。無一不是歌唱，無一不是歡樂的，卻是溫柔的。暗淡的預覺如同在細巧的夢境的壺裏的神祕酒在那裏閃光。全是歌唱與香氣，有上千種的香氣在宮中吹過。呀，我一想起來我能痛哭，當我想到若演一次奇蹟使這樣的光景如從前一般能夠全回到我身上，我不復能支持我自己了；我會跌下來，如同一隻母牛嘗試在蜘蛛網上跳舞一般。

尼勒斯很熱烈的說道，“不是的，正與此相反；不是的，你現在所能覺得的愛情會變作更細緻，這是精神上的愛情，非少年女子的愛情所能比的；他一面說，他的聲音一面發抖。

“精神上的麼！我憎惡精神上的愛情。從那樣的地土長出來的花是布製的；這樣的花其實不會生長的，不過是從頭上取來插在心裏的，因為此心並無自己的花。所以我正是為此羨慕少年女子：少年女子無一事不是真誠的，她不用想像的虛偽裝滿她的愛情的不足。你絕不可以因為她的愛情射過去被想像的畫景所遮蔭，又現於一片大的充實的空泛中，就胡猜她更看重這許多幻影，有過於她所腳踏的實地。這不過是因為全數她的知覺，全數她的本能

and instincts and powers are reaching out¹ for love everywhere—everywhere, without ever feeling weary. But she does not revel in her fancies, nor even so much as rest in them; no, she is very much more genuine, so genuine that in her own unwitting² manner she very often becomes innocently cynical. You have no idea, for instance, of what intoxicating pleasure a young girl finds in breathing secretly the odor of cigars that clings to the clothes of the man she loves—that is a thousand times more to her than a whole conflagration of fancies. I despise imagination. What good is it, when our whole being yearns toward the heart of another, to be admitted only to the chilly ante-room of his imagination! And that is what happens so often. How often we have to submit to letting the man we love deck us out with his imagination, put a halo around our head, tie wings on our shoulders, and wrap us in a star-spangled robe! Then at last he finds us worthy of his love, when we masquerade in this costume; but then we can't be ourselves, because we are too dressed up, and because men confuse us by kneeling in the dust and worshipping us instead of just taking us as we are and simply loving us.'

Niels was quite bewildered. He had picked up the handkerchief she dropped and sat there intoxicating himself with its perfume. He was not at all prepared to have her look at him in that impatient, questioning way, just as he was absorbed in studying her hand, but he managed to answer that he thought a man could not give a finer proof of his love than this—that he had to justify himself

¹ reaching out, 伸手拿東西. ² unwitting, 不知不覺的.

及力量，向各處抓愛情——向各處抓，絕不會覺得疲倦的。她卻不在她的幻想中享快樂，亦絕不以此爲依歸；不是的，她是更真實的，所以她不知不覺的往——變作無知無識的不以爲恥的現出她的情緒。譬如說，你不會想到，一個少年女子會偷偷的嗅她所愛的男子衣服上的不會散去的雪茄煙氣味，她嗅了會如醉如狂的那麼快樂——她覺得這樣的煙味比許多幻想的全片大火有一千倍的有味。我是看不起想像的。當我們全個人渴想要深入另一個人的心窩裏的時候，卻只被請到他的想像的，其冷刺骨的招待室裏，這有什麼好處！這卻是屢屢發現的事。我們要往往忍受讓我們的愛人用他自己的想像裝扮我們，放一個光輪圍住我們的頭，綁兩隻翼在我們的肩膀上，用一件滿布星子的袍子裹住我們！隨後當我們穿着這樣的服裝大搖大擺的時候他看出我們不值得他的愛情；但因我們裝扮得太熱鬧，又因男子們不肯看重我們的本色老老實實的愛我們，反願跪在塵埃上崇拜加上裝飾的我們，把我鬧糊塗了，我們就不能露出我們的本相了。（這是借過來人的口中淋漓盡致的說出他的心事及見解及想像。譯者注。）

尼勒斯聽見就糊塗了。他拾起她所丟下來的手帕，坐在那裏被手帕的香氣麻醉了。他並不預備給她機會那樣不耐煩及要盤問的看他，因爲他正在那裏失了神的研究她的手，但是他想出說話答復她，說他以爲一個男子不能給比這個更好的憑據，證明他的愛情——就是說他要對

to himself for loving a human being so unutterably, and therefore set her so high and surrounded her with a nimbus of divinity.

"But that is just what I find so insulting," said Mrs. Boye, "as if we were not divine enough in ourselves."

Niels smiled complacently.

"No, you must n't smile, I'm not joking. It is really very serious, for this adoration is at bottom tyrannical in its fanaticism; it cramps us in a mould of man's ideal. Slash a heel and clip a toe! Anything in us that does n't square with man's conception has to be eliminated, perhaps not by force, but by ignoring it, systematically relegating it to oblivion, and never giving it a chance to develop, while the qualities we don't possess or that are n't in the least characteristic of us are forced to the rankest growth by lauding them to the skies, taking for granted that we have them in the fullest measure, and making them the cornerstone on which man builds his love. I say that we are subjected to a drill; man's love puts us through a drill. And we submit to it, even those who love no one submit to it, contemptible minions that we are!"

She had risen from her reclining posture and looked threateningly at Niels.

"If I were beautiful!—oh, I mean ravishingly beautiful, more alluring than any woman who ever lived, so that all who saw me were struck with unquenchable, agonizing love as by witchcraft—then I would use the power of my beauty to make them adore *me*, not their traditional bloodless ideal, but myself, as I am, every inch, every line of *my* being, every gleam of *my* nature!"

She had risen now to her full height, and Niels thought

他自己剖白他自己爲什麼那樣說不出來的戀愛一個人，所以他把她位置很高，還要用一個神人的光輪環繞她。

坡爾太太說道，“我之所以見得那樣羞辱人的就是這件事，好像以爲我們本身還不夠神聖的。”

尼勒斯微笑，表示同意。

“不，你必不可以微笑，我並不是說笑話。我所說的是很鄭重的話，因爲這樣的狂妄崇拜到底不過是暴虛；這樣的崇拜把我們擠在男子的理想的模範裏。這不過是削腳跟削腳趾湊鞋子的辦法！我們無論有什麼不適合於男子的概念的，都要芟除了，也許不是用力芟除，不過是不承認，用有統系的方法付諸湮沒無聞，絕不給以機會使其發展，同時反恭維我們所無的屬性到極點，強通我們所無的，或最無特色的。長得極茂盛，以爲我們滿有這些屬性，就以此作爲男子戀愛女人的基礎。我說我們受制於一種操練；男子的愛情要我們操練一番。我們甘受操練，連那些不愛什麼人的也甘受，我們女人真是可鄙的小寶貝！”

她本來是斜靠着榻的，現在牠起來，帶着恐嚇神色看尼勒斯。

“假使我是美貌的——我的意思要說極能迷人的那樣美，比世上所有過的無論那一個女人更能引動人，凡是看見我的無不被消滅不了的愛情，及令人痛心的愛情所打倒，如同着迷一般——我就會用我的美貌的勢力使他們崇拜我本人，不崇拜他們的屢代相傳的無血肉的理想美人，只是崇拜我自身，所崇拜的無一寸，無一線，無一點不是我！”

現在她起來，伸得直直的，尼勒斯以爲他該走啦，但

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he ought to go, but he stood turning over in his mind a great many audacious words, which, after all, he did not dare to utter. At last, summoning all his courage, he seized her hand and kissed it, but she gave him her other hand to kiss too, and then he could say nothing more than: "Good-night."

Niels Lyhne had fallen in love with Mrs. Boye, and he was happy because of it.

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He loved—he said it aloud to himself again and again. The words had such a strange ring of dignity, and held such deep meanings. They meant that he was no longer a captive in the imagined world of his childhood, nor was he the sport of aimless longings and misty dreams. He had escaped from the elf-land that had grown up with him and around him, encircling him with a hundred arms, blindfolding him with a hundred hands. He had broken away from its grasp and had become master of himself, and though it reached after him, implored him with dumb appealing eyes, and beckoned him with white fluttering garments, its power was dead as a dream killed by day, a mist dispelled by the sun. Was not his young love day and sun and all the world? He had been strutting about in royal purple not yet spun, and had taken his seat on a throne not yet built; but now he stood on a high mountain, looking out over the world that stretched before him like a plain. In this world thirsting for song he had as yet no existence and was not even awaited. What a rapturous thought it was that, in all this silent, wakeful infinity, not a breath of his spirit had stirred a leaf or raised a ripple.

是他站在那裏，心裏想了又想，想許多大膽的說話，他卻到底不敢說出來。後來他召集全數他的勇氣，他抓住她的手，吻這隻手，她卻連那一隻手也給他吻，他就不能再說什麼話，只能說“我願你安睡。”

尼勒斯萊尼，戀愛坡爾太太，因為這件事，他就覺得歡樂。

。 。 。 。 。 。

他戀愛啦——他大聲對自己說這句話，說了又說。這句話很有一種莊重的奇異聲音，含着很深的意義。這幾個字的意義就是說他不復是他孩子時代的幻想世界裏的一個俘虜啦，又不是無目的渴想及朦朧不清的夢境所擲揄的玩物啦。他現在逃出那個神怪境地啦，這個境地與他同時生長，用一百隻臂圍他，用一百隻手遮住他的眼。他擺脫開了這個境地，變作自己做主了，雖然這樣的境地還追逐他，兩眼不響的哀求他，用飄颻的白衣服招他來，其力量卻是死了的，如同白天所殺死的夢境一般，如同濃霧被日光驅散一般。他的少年愛情不就是他的白天，太陽，及世界麼？他曾經有過幾時穿上未曾織造的帝王紫袍搖搖擺擺，亦曾坐過未曾蓋造的金殿；現在他卻站在高山上，往外看擺在他眼前的世界，如同一片平原。

在這個渴想歌唱的世界裏頭他還未曾有過生活，還不會請他來啦。他的精神未曾有過一陣呼吸，在這一片沉寂的卻是清醒的無限世界裏頭，吹動過一片樹葉，亦不會激生過微波，這是多麼令人歡喜欲狂的思想呀。他要贏得

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It was all his to win, and he knew that he could win it. He felt strong and all-conquering as only those can feel whose songs are still unsung, throbbing in their own breast.

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He tried to recall the picture of her as she lay on the sofa and talked to him, but it would not come. He saw her vanishing in a lane of trees; or sitting and reading with her hat on, holding one of the large white leaves in her gloved fingers, just on the point of turning it, then turning leaf after leaf. He saw her entering her carriage in the evening after the theatre and nodding to him behind the pane; then the carriage drove away, and he stood looking after it; it kept on driving, and he still followed it with his eyes. Indifferent faces came and spoke to him, figures he had not seen for years passed down the street, turned and looked after him, and still the carriage kept on driving, and he could not get rid of it, could not think of other pictures because of that carriage. Then, just as he was getting nervous with impatience, it came: the yellow light from the lamp, the eyes, the mouth, the hand under the chin, as plainly as if it were all before him there in the darkness.

How lovely she was, how mild, how fair! He loved her with a desire that knelt at her feet, begging for all this seductive beauty. Cast yourself from your throne down to me! Make yourself my slave! Put the chain around your neck with your own hands, but not in sport,—I want to pull the chain, I demand submission in your every limb, bondage in your eyes! Oh, that I could draw you to me

全個這樣的世界。他曉得他能夠贏得來。他覺得剛強有力，能夠征服一切，惟有覺得有許多詩歌尚未唱出來，這些詩歌卻在他們自己心裏躍躍欲動的，纔能夠有這樣的感動。（作者的特色就是善用許多譬喻，這就是一個好榜樣。餘做此。譯者注。）

。 。 。 。 。 。

他嘗試追憶她怎樣躺在榻上，怎樣同他說話，卻追憶不來。他看見她在兩旁有樹木的路上走了，看不見了；不然到是看見她戴着帽子坐下及讀書，用有手套的手指拿着很大的幾頁白紙，正在要翻，隨後逐頁翻。他看見她當傍晚戲園散的時候上馬車，在玻璃窗後同他點頭；隨後馬車趕走了，他還站在那裏看馬車；馬車往前趕，他還在那裏用兩眼跟着馬車。有幾個不相干的人走來同他說話，還有許多有好多年未見的人在街上走過，掉過頭來看他，那時候馬車還是往前趕，他不能擺脫那輛馬車，因為有這輛馬車，他就不能想其他別的事物。當他正在不耐煩到擾及神經的時候，那輛馬車又來啦；他又看見從車燈出來的黃光，她的兩眼，她的嘴，托着下頷的那隻手，他看得明白如同在黑暗中全現於他的眼前一般。

她是多麼可愛，多麼溫柔，多麼美貌呀！他愛她愛到想跪在她腳下，求全數這樣的能潛誘人的美。你從你的寶座來下跪在我面前呀！你當我的奴隸呀！你用你自己的手把鏈子放在你的頸子，不是開頑笑的呀——我要拉鏈子，我要你用布綁住你的眼，要你四肢服從我！呀，我原能夠用媚

with a love-philtre¹, but, no, a love-philtre would compel you, you would yield to its power without volition², and I want none to be your master but myself. Your will must be broken in your hands, and you must hold it out humbly to me. You shall be my queen, and I your slave, but my slave's foot must be on your queenly neck. There is no lunacy in this desire, for is it not in the nature of a woman's love to be proud and strong and to bend? It is love, I know, to be weak and to reign.

CHAPTER VIII

"Do you remember," she said after a while, "how often you promised me that when you grew up you would sail out in a big ship and bring me back all the treasures of the world?"

"Do I remember! I was to bring hyacinths, because you loved hyacinths so much, and a palm like the one that died, and pillars of gold and marble. There were so many pillars in your stories, always. Do you remember?"

"I have been waiting for that ship—no, sit still, dear, you don't understand me—it was not for myself, it was the ship of your fortune. . . . I hoped your life would be full and glorious, that you would travel on shining paths. . . . Fame—everything—No, not that, if you would only be one of those who fight for the greatest. I don't know how it is, but I am so tired of commonplace happiness and commonplace goals. Do you understand me?"

¹ love-philtre, 激發愛情的媚藥. ² volition, 主意. 志意.

藥引你到我這裏來，但是我不用，因為媚藥會強逼你，你會不由自主的被藥力所逼，我卻不要別的事物節制你，我只要我自己節制你。我要打倒你的意志，使你的兩手動不得，你必得把你的意志低首下心的獻給我。你做我的王后，我做你的奴隸，但是我的奴隸腳要踏在你的王后頸上。在這樣的欲望裏頭並無什麼瘋狂，因為女人的愛情的本性不是驕傲，剛強，及屈揉愛人的麼？我曉得愛情是柔弱的卻是受節制的。

〔他想她想到發狂，他兩手抱住一株樹，臉靠樹皮痛哭。譯者注。〕

第 八 回

〔尼勒斯立志要做詩人。他同坡爾太太來往一年多，後來他父親死了，他回家安慰他的母親。有一天母子兩人閒談。譯者注。〕過了一會，他的母親說道，你記得麼？你屢次答應我，等到你長大的時候，你要駕一隻大船周遊天下把天下的全數寶物帶回來給我？

“我記得麼！因為你最愛風信子（俗稱洋水仙。譯者注。）我答應帶這種花回來給你，還帶一株棕櫚回來，像那株死了的一般，還帶許多黃金柱子及雲石柱。母親，你記得麼？你所告訴我的故事裏頭常有許多柱子”。

“我一向等候那條船——不是的，我坐着不動，寶貝，你不明白我的意思——我等這條船並非為我自己，我所等的是你走好運的船……我曾希望你的生活是充滿的，是榮耀的，我希望你在有光的路上走……聲望——無論什麼事物——不是的，不是那樣，我但願你做一個為最大功業而奮鬥的人。我不曉得怎樣是的，我很厭倦平常的歡樂及平常的目的，你明白我的意思麼？”

“You wanted me to be a Sunday child, mother dear, one of those who do not pull in harness¹ with others, but have their own heaven to be saved in, and their own place of damnation all to themselves, too.—We wanted to have flowers on board, did n’t we? Gorgeous flowers to strew over a bleak world; but the ship did not come, and they were poor birds, Niels and his mother, were they not?”

“Have I hurt you, dear? Why, it was nothing but dreams; don’t mind them!”

Niels was silent a long time, for he felt a shyness about what he wanted to say. “Mother,” he said, “we are not so poor as you think. Some day the ship will come in.—If you would only believe that and believe in me. . . . Mother—I am a poet—really—through my whole soul. Don’t imagine this is childish dreams or dreams fed by vanity. If you could feel my grateful pride in what’s best in me—my humble joy in saying this, so little personal, so far from vainglory, you would believe it just as I want you to believe it. Dearest, dearest! I *shall* be one of those who fight for the greatest, and I promise you that I shall not fail, that I shall always be faithful to myself and my gift. Nothing but the best shall be good enough. No compromise, mother! When I weigh what I have done and feel that it is n’t sterling, or when I hear that it’s got a crack or a flaw—into the melting-pot it goes! Every single work must be my best! Do you see why I have to promise? It’s my gratitude for my riches that drives me to make vows, and you must receive them. Then if I fail, it will be a sin against you, for it’s all owing to

¹ in harness, 做日常工作.

“寶貝母親，你要我做一個星期日的孩子，是一個不與他人同做平常工作的，在他們自己天堂裏得救，也在他們自己的地獄裏受罰。——我們要有許多花在船上，是不是？要擗許多美麗花在這個荒涼世界上；可惜那條船不會來，尼勒斯和他的母親都是可憐的鳥，是不是？”

“寶貝，我曾傷你的心麼？你爲什麼說這樣的話，所說的不過是夢話；你不要理會！”

尼勒斯有許久不響，因爲他對於他所要說的話，覺得有點羞怯。他說道，“母親，你以爲我們是很可憐的，其實我們並不是的。將來有一天那條船會駛進口的。——你只要肯相信這句話，及相信我……母親——我是一個詩人——實在是——我的全個靈魂，裏裏外外全是個詩人。你不更亂想這是孩子的夢或是被好名所養成的夢。你若能夠覺得我很感激我所自鳴得意的最好的內才——你若能覺得我說這句話我是很謙抑的歡樂，我既不是爲己亦更不是由於好虛名，你就會相信我的話，一如我要你怎樣相信一般。最寶貴的母親呀！我立意要做一個爲最偉大的功業而奮鬥的人，我答應你我是必不會失敗的，我立意永遠要忠於我自己，忠於我的天賦。我要做到最好爲止。母親呀，我絕對不肯通融，非做到不休！我權量我所做的事業，只要一曉得不是真金，或我聽見有裂紋或有瑕疵——我再擗在鎔爐裏！無論那一件，我必定要做到最好爲止！你現在明白我爲什麼要答應？原是因爲我感謝我的豐富天才使我發下誓愿。你必得承受。隨後我若失敗，就是犯了對不起你的罪孽，因爲我的靈魂像一所高頂房子，全是

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you that my soul is like a high-vaulted room—your dreams and longings have given me the impulse to growth, and your sympathies and your unsatisfied thirst for beauty have consecrated me to my life-work.”

Mrs. Lyhne wept silently. She felt herself growing pale with rapture. Softly she laid both hands on her son’s head, but he drew them gently to his lips and kissed them.

“You have made me so happy, Neils! Then my life has not been one long, useless sigh, if I have helped to lead you on as I hoped and dreamed so ardently—good heavens! how often I have dreamed it!—And yet there is so much sadness mixed in my joy, Niels! To think that my fondest wish should be fulfilled, the thing I have longed for so many years. . . . Such things happen only when life is almost done.”

“You must n’t talk like that, you must n’t! Why, everything is going on well, and you are getting stronger every day, mother dear, are you not?”

“It is so hard to die,” she said under her breath. “Do you know what I was thinking of in those long sleepless nights, when death seemed so terribly near? I thought the bitterest of all was to know that there were so many great and beautiful things out in the world which I should have to leave behind without ever having seen them. I thought of the thousands and thousands of souls they had lifted up and filled with life and joy, while for me they had not existed. It seemed to me that my soul would fly away poverty-stricken on feeble wings, without any golden memories to carry with it as a reflection from the glories of its homeland, because it had only been sitting in the chimney-corner listening to stories about the wonderful

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虧你得來的——你的夢想及渴望會給我以衝動使我生長，你的同情和你的不會解救的渴望美麗，曾特授我以畢生的工作。”

萊尼太太嗚咽，她覺得她自己狂樂到臉色發白，她輕輕把兩手放在她兒子頭上，他卻輕輕的把她的兩手拉到他的兩脣吻這兩隻手。

“尼勒斯呀！你使我這樣歡樂！看來我的生活並不是一聲無用的長歎，只要我會幫助領你走，一如我所希望的及我所熱烈夢想的——好天呀！我曾夢過多少次呀！——尼勒斯呀！在我的歡樂裏頭搗了許多愁苦。我想到我的最歡喜的想望居然如願以償啦，這件事體我渴望了很久啦……這樣的事體只在幾乎過完一生的時候纔發現的。”

“你切勿這樣說，你切勿這樣說！寶貝母親呀，諸事都進行得很好，你覺得一天比一天的強健，是不是，你為什麼要說這樣的話呀？”

她低聲說道，“我是很不情願死的，你曉得當那好幾夜我不能睡的時候我想些什麼？那時候我與死很可怕的相近。我想最痛心的莫過於曉得世上有許多宏偉的及美麗的事物，我卻始終不會看見，就全得撇下啦。我想到這許多事物所擡舉及用生命與歡樂所裝滿的千萬個靈魂，惟我不知有這樣的事物。據我看來，我的靈魂一無所有，窮極無聊，只好張開兩隻無力的翼飛跑了，不會帶着什麼寶貴如黃金的記憶，這些記憶作為是從本地得來的光榮的反照，因為這個靈魂不過在牆爐的一角坐下，細聽關於

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world.—Niels, no one can imagine what agony it is to lie imprisoned in a dull, dark sick-room and struggle, in your feverish fancies, to call up before you the beauties of lands you have never seen—snowy Alpine peaks above blue-black mountain lakes, and sparkling rivers between vine-clad banks, and long lines of mountains with ruins peeping out of the woods, and then lofty halls with marble gods—and never to get it quite, but always to give up and start over again, because it seems so terribly hard to leave it without having had the slightest part in it. . . . O God, Niels, to long for it with your whole soul, while you feel that you are being slowly carried to the threshold of another world, to stand on the threshold and look back with a long, long gaze, while all the time you are being forced through that door where none of your longings have gone before you. . . . Niels, take me along in your thoughts, dear, when the time comes for you to share in all that glory which I shall never, never see!”

She wept.

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With all this beauty round about her, she still sat there with the old unanswered longing for beauty in her heart. It was only now and then, when the sun sank behind the gentle slopes of Savoy, and the mountains beyond the sea seemed made of brown opaque glass, as if their precipitous sides had drunk the light, that nature could hold her senses spell-bound. Then, when the bright yellow mists of evening veiled the distant Jura Mountains, and the lake, like a copper mirror from which tongues of golden flame shot into the red sunset glow, seemed to melt with the sky into

奇異世界的許多故事。——尼勒斯，無人能夠想像一個被囚在一間黑暗的病房裏，在你的發熱病的胡思亂想中努力喚起你所始終不曾見過的美景到你眼前，有多麼心痛——所要喚起的美景就是在青黑山上的湖上的雪山尖，在鋪滿葡萄的兩岸間流過的閃光的河，還有長排的山，山上有許多古蹟從樹林往外張望，還有擺滿雲石神像的高屋——永遠得不着，常要撒手又重新再來，因為絲毫不曾享受過就要離開，這是最難堪的……。呀上帝，尼勒斯，用你的全副精神渴想一件事，一面你覺得你慢慢被送到另一個世界的門檻，站在那個門檻依依不捨的回頭看，看了許久，一面你被逼走進門，你所渴想的事物無一曾先你而走……尼勒斯，寶貝，我將永遠看不見你的榮耀，但是等到你分享全數榮耀的時候到來，你得在你的思想裏頭帶我一道走？”

她哭啦。

。 。 。 。 。 。

〔尼勒斯嘗試安慰她。同她出外遠遊，歷冬到春，那時候百花怒放。譯者注。〕現在有全數的美景包圍她，她還是坐在那裏覺得心裏還是同從前一樣渴想不能如願以償的美景。不過有時當太陽落在沙和爾（Savoy）的不陡的斜坡後，及對海的山好像是棕色不透光的玻璃所做成的一般，那時候那些山的峭壁好像飲光，天然的景致纔能夠使她的官覺入迷。後來傍晚的有光的黃霧罩住遠遠的朱拉（Jura）山，那片大湖如同一面銅鏡，發生一片片的金光射入落日的紅光裏，好像與天鎔化爲一大片發光的

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one vast, shining infinity,—then it would seem, once in a great while, as though the longing were silenced, and the soul had found the land it sought.

As spring advanced, her strength failed more and more. Soon she did not leave her bed, but she was no longer afraid of death; she awaited it eagerly, for she cherished the hope that beyond the grave she would be face to face with all the glory, be one in soul with the fullness of beauty which here on earth had drawn her in hope and yearning,—a yearning which had been clarified and transfigured by the increasing pain of long empty years and thus prepared to attain its goal. She dreamed many a gentle, wistful¹ dream of how she would return in memory to what earth had given her, return from the land of immortality, where all the beauty of the earth would be always beyond the sea.

So she died, and Niels buried her in the friendly churchyard at Clarens, where the brown vineyard mould covers the children of so many lands, and where broken columns and veiled urns repeat the same words of mourning in so many languages.

CHAPTER IX

Mrs. Boye herself opened the door to the ante-room before he had time to ring. She said nothing, but gave him her hand in a long, sympathetic² clasp; the newspapers had announced his bereavement. Niels said nothing either, and so they walked silently through the

¹ wistful, 遊疑無定. ² sympathetic, 表示慰唁.

無涯——到了這個時候，過了許久，纔有一次她的渴想好像滿意了，靈魂找着其所求的境地了。

當春天前進的時候，她的氣力越久越不濟啦。不久她就不能離床啦，她卻不復怕死啦；她很熱烈的等死，因為她存養着一個希望，過了墳墓那邊，她就會與全數的光榮面面相對啦，她的靈魂會同充滿的美合一啦，這樣的美在這個人世上會引她希望，引她渴想——這種渴想被長久空無所得歲月的日見其增加的痛苦所澄清與改變，就是這樣預備達到目的地。她做過好幾場溫和的及遊疑無定的夢，夢見她的記憶怎樣想回到人世所給她的，從長生不死的國回來，人世的美常在這裏的對海。

她就是這樣死了，尼勒斯葬她在 Clarens 的教堂墳地裏，那裏的棕色葡萄園的土埋葬許多國的子孫，那裏的斷碣殘碑及有物罩住的盛骨石的鑿子，用各國的文字說同樣的追悼話。

第 九 回

〔尼勒斯葬母後就回去丹馬，找坡爾太太。譯者注。〕坡爾太太自己就先開前廳門，他還來不及拉鈴。她不說話，她伸手給他，抓了很久，表示慰唁意思；報紙登過他丁母憂。尼勒斯也不說話，他們就是這樣不響的走過小客屋，

parlor, between the two rows of chairs in red-striped covers. The chandelier was wrapped in paper, and the window-panes were whitened. In the sitting-room everything was as usual, except that the Venetian blinds were rolled down before the opened windows, and as they moved to and fro in the slight breeze, they struck the casement with a faint, monotonous tapping. Rays of light reflected from the sunlit canal outside filtered in between the yellow slats and made squares of tremulous wavy lines in the ceiling, which quivered with the rippling of the waves outside. Otherwise all was hushed and still, silently waiting with bated breath. . . .

Mrs. Boye could not make up her mind where she wanted to sit; finally she decided on the rocking-chair, and dusted it assiduously¹ with her handkerchief, but instead of sitting down she stood behind the chair, resting her hands on its back. She still wore her gloves and had only drawn one arm out of her half-fitting black mantilla. Her dress was of silk tartan in a very tiny check matching the broad ribbons on the wide, round Pamela hat of light straw which half hid her face as she stood looking down and rocking the chair nervously.

Niels seated himself on the piano-stool at a distance from her, as if he expected something unpleasant.

"Then you know it, Niels?"

"No, but what is it I don't know?"

The chair stopped. "I am engaged."

"Are you engaged? But how—why—Mrs. Boye?"

¹ assiduously, 很費力的.

在兩排有紅柳條墊子的椅子間走過。分枝的燭台用紙包住，窗門的玻璃粉白了。在起坐間裏頭各樣事物還是同向來一樣，惟有百葉窗在打開的窗口前落下來，窗門在微風中搖擺，輕敲窗架，作單調的響聲。有許多光線從外面太陽照着的小河反射，在黃色的板條間滲進來，射在天花板上，顫動的波紋線成爲四方形，與外面的波紋同抖動。除了這樣的抖動之外，屋裏全是一片寂靜，屏息不響的等候着。

坡爾太太不能打定主意要坐在什麼地方；後來她決意坐在搖椅上，用她的手帕很費力的彈了又彈，她並不坐下，卻立在椅後，兩手放在椅背上。她仍然戴着手套，不過從她的半長的黑色披肩伸出一隻手臂來。她穿的是小方塊花紋的格子綢，同她的帽子上的寬條相襯，帽條圍住淡色大草帽，那時候她站着向下看，神經不寧的搖椅子，這頂大帽遮着她半邊臉。

尼勒斯離她遠遠的坐在鋼琴凳上，好像預料有些什麼不歡的事。

她說道，“尼勒斯你曉得了呀？”

“不曉得呀，但是我所不曉得的是什麼呀？”

她不搖椅子啦，說道，“我同人定了婚啦。”

“你同人定了婚麼？坡爾太太，怎樣定的，爲什麼要定呀？”

"Oh, don't call me Mrs. Boye, and don't begin to be unreasonable right away!" She leaned against the back of the rocking-chair with a little air of defiance. "Surely you can understand that it is n't the pleasantest thing in the world for me to stand here and explain to you. I will do it, but you might at least help me."

"What do you mean? Are you engaged, or are you not?"

"I have just told you that I am," she replied with gentle impatience, looking up.

"Then may I be allowed to wish you joy, Mrs. Boye, and to thank you very much for the time we have known each other." He had risen to his feet and bowed sarcastically several times.

"And you can part from me like this, quite calmly? I am engaged, and then we are done, and everything that has been between us two is just a stupid old story which must n't be brought to mind any more. Past is past, and that is all—Niels, all the precious days—will the memory of them be silent from now on? Will you never, never think of me, never miss¹ me? Won't you call the dream forth again, on many a quiet evening, and give it the colors it might have glowed with? Can you keep from loving it all back to life again in your thoughts and ripening it to the fullness it might have had? Can you? Can you put your foot on it and crush it all out of existence, every bit of it? Niels!"

"I hope so; you have shown me that it can be done.—"

¹miss, 捨不得.

她靠着搖椅的背，微帶挑戰神氣，說道，“你不要稱我坡爾太太啦，你不必一起首就不講理啦！你當然能夠明白，要我站在這裏對你解說一番是世上最令人不歡的事。我肯解說，不過你至少也要幫我。

“你說這番話是什麼意思呀？你到底是定了婚，抑或未曾定婚呀？”

她擡頭微微有點不耐煩答道，“我剛纔告訴你我定了婚了。”

“坡爾太太，既是定了婚，你得讓我同你賀喜，你還要讓我多多的謝你，我們相識這許久。”他已經站起來，帶着挖苦神色，對她鞠躬幾次，

“你能夠就是這樣，很鎮靜的同我分手麼？我定了婚，我們兩個是完了，凡是你我之間的事只變成一段無聊的舊事啦，不必再想起啦。已往就是已往，就完了——尼勒斯，從前全數的寶貴時日——難道從此以後就不響不提了嗎？難道你絕不會，絕不會想我嗎？絕不會不捨得我嗎？難道你不會再喚起舊夢嗎——尋我們同過的好幾個安靜的晚上嗎，不會加這樣的夢境以色彩，使其可以發光嗎？難道你不能在你的思想裏頭戀愛這樣的夢境，使其復活嗎？且使其充分的成熟嗎，若非定了婚原是很可以成熟的。你不能嗎？尼勒斯呀！你能夠用腳踏碎這個夢境，使其完全化為烏有嗎？（難得的妙論。譯者注。）

“我希望這樣做，你會示我是能夠做到的。——但是

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But this is nonsense, pure, unmitigated nonsense from beginning to end. Why did you arrange this comedy? I have no shadow of a right to reproach you. You have never loved me, never said that you loved me. You have given me leave to love you, that is all, and now you withdraw your permission. Or perhaps you will allow me to go on, though you have given yourself to another? I don't understand you, if you can imagine that to be possible. We are not children. Or are you afraid I shall forget you too soon? Never fear. You are not one to be blotted easily out of a man's life. But take care! A love like mine does not come to a woman twice in her life; take care that you do not bring misfortune upon yourself by casting me off! I don't wish you any harm, no, no! May you never know want and sickness, and may you have all the happiness that comes with wealth, admiration, and social success, in measure full and overflowing, that is my wish for you. May all the world stand open to you, all but one little door, one single little door, however much you knock and try to open it—but otherwise everything as fully and widely as it is possible to wish it."

He spoke slowly, almost sadly, not bitterly, but with a strangely tremulous note in his voice, a note that was new to her and moved her. She had grown a little pale and stood leaning stiffly against the chair. "Niels," she said, "don't predict misfortune! Remember you were not here, Niels, and my love—I did not know how real it was; it seemed more like something that just interested me. It breathed through my life like a delicate spiritual poem, it never caught me in strong arms; it had wings—only wings. At least I thought so. I did not know better until now,

你所說的一番話全是一片胡言。從頭至尾，完全是純粹的，並無輕減的胡說。你爲什麼安排這齣小戲？我無權利怪責你，連權利的影子也沒有。你始終不曾愛我，又始終不曾說過你愛我。你不過許我愛你罷了，你現在收回你的許可。你雖然曾以身委人，也許你肯讓我進行，是不是？我不明白你，這是說你若能夠想像這是一件可能的事。我們不是孩子。不然就是你惟恐我很快就忘記了你麼？你切勿害怕。如你這樣的人，不是容易摔得開的。但是你得小心！如我這樣的愛，一個女人的生平不會遇見兩次的；你得小心，你不要把我摔開，使有不幸到你身上！我不望你受損害，我不望你受損害。但願你永遠不曉得窮乏與疾病，但願你享受從富貴，讚美，及在社會場中的得意所得來的全數歡樂，但願你充量及溢量的享受，我望你這樣享受。我但願全個世界都開門歡迎你，只有一個小門，只有單獨一個小門，無論你怎樣敲，怎樣嘗試打開，是不肯開的——除了這一層之外，你所想望的無論怎樣充滿又無論怎樣廣大，你都盡其所能的想望到手。

他說話慢，腔調幾乎是愁慘的，卻並不怨恨，不過他的聲音帶着奇異的顫動腔調，是她一向未曾聽過的，很能感動她。她的臉色變作稍白，站在那裏呆呆的靠住椅背。她說道，“尼勒斯，你不要預料有不幸！尼勒斯，你要記得你不在這裏，我的愛情——我不曉得有多麼實在；愛情好像更似剛好令我關切的一種事物。愛情如同一篇精妙的能傷人心的詩歌在我的生活中如呼吸一般穿過，愛情始終不會用剛健的手抱住我；愛情只有兩翼。至少我是這樣想。我一向不甚曉得，直到如今纔較爲明白些，不然就是等

or until the moment I had done it—said Yes and all that. Everything was so difficult, there were so many things all at once and so many people to consider. . . . It began with my brother, Hardenskjold, the one who was in the West Indies, you know. He had been rather wild when he was here, but over there he settled down and became so sensible and went into partnership with some one and made a lot of money, and married a rich widow, a sweet little thing, I assure you, and he and father made up, for Hardie was so changed, oh, he is so respectable there is no end to it, and so susceptible to what people say—terribly bourgeoisie, oh! Of course, he thought I ought to be taken up in the bosom of the family again, and every time he came here he lectured¹ me and pleaded and palavered², and you see father is an old man now, and so at last I did it, and everything was just as in the old days.”

She paused for a moment and began to take off first her mantilla and then her hat and gloves, and, busy with all this, she turned a little away from Niels, while she went on talking.

“And then Hardie had a friend who is very highly respected—oh, extremely so, and they all thought I ought to do it and wished it so much, and then you see I could take my position in society just as before, or really better than before, because he is so very highly respected in every way, and after all that is what I have been wishing for a long time. I suppose you can't understand that? You would never have thought it of me? Quite the contrary. Because I was always making fun of conventional society with its

¹ lectured, 教訓. ² palavered, 說話引誘.

到我做過之後纔曉得更清楚——我纔答應的。無一事不是很爲難的，有許多事要同時對付的，又有許多人都要加以考慮的……第一個就是我的兄弟哈爾登佐(Hardensk-jold)，你是曉得的，他在西印度。當他在這裏的時候，他是很放蕩的，他到了那裏卻安頓下來，變作一個明白人，同人合股做生意發了許多財，娶了一個有錢的寡婦，你可以相信我的話，她很是一個可愛的小東西。他與父親言歸於好啦，因爲哈爾狄很改變啦，說不盡他那樣的可敬，很鄙人言啦——變作一個很可怕的市僧啦！他自然以爲家庭應該再承認我是個至親，他每次到這裏來總教訓我。苦勸我說許多話引誘我，你是曉得的我的父親老了，所以我到底定了婚，無論什麼事都同從前一樣。”

她停了一會，起首先脫下肩巾，隨後脫帽及手套，她一面忙於做這樣的事，一面往下說，掉過身子，離開尼勒斯一點，

“哈爾狄有一個很受人敬重的朋友——呀，人家是極其敬重他的，他們全以爲我該做這件事，他們都很想我做這件事，你會曉得的我就能夠同從前一樣在社會上取得我的地位，其實比從前的地位實在好得多，因爲他無論在那一方面都是很受人敬重的，說到底，我所想望日久的就是這件事，我猜你不能明白這樣情形，是不是？你始終不會想到我會這樣做的，是不是？其實不然。因爲我常取笑通俗的社會的庸俗，及呆板的道德，我取笑社會的道德

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banalities¹ and its stereotyped morality, its thermometer of virtue and its compass of womanliness—you remember how witty we were! It is to weep, Niels, for it was n't true, at least not all the time. I will tell you something: we women can break away for a while, when something in our lives has opened our eyes to the love of freedom that after all is in us, but we can't keep it up. It is in our blood, this passion for the quintessence² of propriety and the pinnacle of gentility up to its most punctilious point. We can't bear to be at war with the established order that is accepted by all commonplace people. In our inmost selves we really think these people are right, because they are the ones that sit in judgment, and in our hearts we bow to their judgments and suffer from them, no matter how brave a face we wear. It is not natural for us women to be exceptional, not really, Niels, it makes us so queer, more interesting, perhaps, but still—Can you understand it? It is silly, don't you think so? But at least you can comprehend that it made a strange impression on me to return to the old surroundings. So many things came back to me, memories of my mother and of her standards. It seemed as though I had come into a safe haven again; everything was so peaceful and well ordered, and I had only to bind myself to it to be properly happy ever after. And so I let them bind me, Niels."

Niels could not help smiling; he felt so superior, and was so sorry for her, as she stood there, girlishly unhappy in the midst of all this confession. He was softened and could not find any hard words.

¹ banalities, 庸俗. ² quintessence, 最清潔, 最美備.

的寒暑表，及女人行爲的指南針——你記得我們從前說過多少俏皮話呀！尼勒斯，我們要哭，因為那種情形是不真實的，至少也不是常是真實的。我來告訴你一件事！有時我們女人的行爲使我們開眼，使我們喜歡我們都喜歡的自由，我們就能夠擺脫束縛一會子，我們卻不能永遠愛自由。我們天生原是酷愛行爲端正，要做最美備，又酷愛高雅到極端，要做到登峯造極。我們不能忍受同平常人所承認的通行規則作戰。我們心裏實在以為平常人是對的，因為他們是判別是非的，我們心裏贊成他們的判斷，甘受他們的判斷，無論我們戴上怎樣不以為然的面目。尼勒斯，我們的天性其實不願作例外的人，我們若越出常軌，也許你們以為是更有意味，卻使我們覺得怪異，但是——你能明白麼？你不以為我們為傻麼？但是至少你也能明白我回到舊時的環境使我心裏發生很奇怪的印象。使我追憶許多舊事，使我追憶我的母親和她的標準。我好像是再駛入一個穩的港口啦；無一事不是平安的，安排得很好的，我只要束縛我自己就可以很正當永遠享受歡樂了。尼勒斯我所以讓他們束縛我。”

尼勒斯禁不住微笑；他覺得他自己很優勝，又很替她愁苦，這時候她站在那裏，她在她的全數自供裏頭，很覺得女孩子們的不歡樂。他柔化了，不能說出苛刻話。

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He went over to her.

.

"Let us not dream!" said Niels at last with a sigh and relinquished the chair.

"Yes, let us!" she said almost pleadingly, and looked innocently at him with great wistful eyes.

She had risen slowly.

"No dreams!" said Niels nervously, putting his arm around her waist. "Too many dreams have passed between you and me. Have you never felt them? Have they never touched you like a light breath caressing your cheek or stirring your hair? Is it possible that the night has never been tremulous with sigh upon sigh that dropped and died on your lips?"

He kissed her, and it seemed to him that she grew less young under his kisses, less young, but lovelier, more glowing in her beauty, more alluring.

"I want you to know it," he said. "You don't know how I love you, how I have suffered and longed. Oh, if those rooms at the embankment could speak, Tema!"

He kissed her again and again, and she threw her arms around his neck with such abandon¹ that her wide silk sleeves fell back above the billowing lace of the white undersleeves, above the gray elastic that held them together over the elbow.

"What could those rooms say, Niels?"

¹ abandon, 放蕩, 不自檢束.

他走過去她那邊。

。 。 。 。 。 。

〔她坐在椅子上，尼勒斯一手扶在椅背，低頭看她，一面輕輕的搖椅子，搖了一會。譯者注〕後來尼勒斯放了椅子，歎一口氣，說道，“我們不要作夢吧！”

她幾乎帶着哀求的腔調，說道，“是呀，我們不要作夢呀！”她一面瞪着兩隻懷疑的眼沒知沒覺的看他。

她已經慢慢起來。

尼勒斯一手摟住她的腰，神經不寧的說道，“不要做夢！在你我之間已經有太多的夢走過啦。難道你始終不曾覺得麼？那許多夢不曾摩過你，如同輕輕的呼吸撫摩你的頸子，或擾動你的頭髮麼？難道晚上絕不會抖了的歎氣，歎了又歎，落在你的脣上，死在你的脣上麼？這豈是可能的事麼？”

他吻她，他覺得當她被吻的時候，她變作不如剛纔那樣少年啦，雖不那麼少年，卻更可愛，她的美貌更發光彩，更能引動人。

他說道，“我要你曉得，你不曉得我多麼愛你，你不曉得我怎樣受苦，又怎樣渴想你。提瑪(Tema)呀，我但願在河邊的那幾間房子能說話！”

他吻了她又吻，她很放蕩的兩手摟住他的頸，她的綢衣寬袖向後落在白色內袖的作波浪紋的鏤通花邊上，落在其在肘上束袖的灰色彈簧帶上。

“尼勒斯，那些屋子能夠說些什麼呀？”

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“Tema, they could say, ten thousand times and more; they could pray in that name, rage in that name, sigh and sob in it; they could threaten Tema, too.”

“Could they?”

.

“How I love you, sweetheart, sweetheart—in my arms you are so dear; are you so dear, so dear? And your hair—I can hardly speak, and all my memories—so dear—all my memories of how I cried and was wretched and longed so miserably, they press on and force their way in as if they too would be happy with me in my happiness—do you understand?—Do you remember, Tema, the moonlight last year? Are you fond of it?—Oh, you don’t know how cruel it can be. Such a clear, moonlight night, when the air seems to have stiffened in cold light, and the clouds lie there in long layers—Tema, flowers and leaves hold their fragrance so close around them it is like a frost of scents covering them, and all sounds seem so far away and die so suddenly and do not linger at all—Such a night is so merciless, for it makes longing grow so strangely intense; the silence draws it out from every corner of your soul, sucks it out with hard lips, and there is no glimmering hope, no slumbering promise in all that clearness. Oh, how I cried, Tema! Tema, have you never cried through a moonlight night? Sweetheart, it would be a shame if you should cry; you shall never cry, there shall always be sunshine for you and nights of roses—a night of roses—”

She had given herself entirely to his embrace, and with her gaze lost in his, her lips murmured strangely sweet words of love, half muted by her breath, words repeated

“提瑪，那些屋子能夠說幾萬遍；那些屋子能夠用那個名義祈禱，用那個名義發怒，又能夠用這個名義歎氣與嗚咽；又能夠恐嚇提瑪。”

“那些屋子能夠麼？”

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〔他們聽見街上有俗人說俗話，使他們更覺得心心相照。譯者注。〕“愛人呀，愛人呀，我怎樣愛你呀——你在我的擁抱中是多麼寶貴呀；你是這樣寶貴麼？你的頭髮——我幾乎不能說話啦，全數我的記憶——這樣寶貴——我全記得我怎樣喊又怎樣難受，及怎樣很愁苦的渴想，全數我的記憶逼我，又闖進來，好像因為我覺得歡樂這些記憶要與我同樂一般——你明白麼？提瑪，你記得去年的月夜麼？你喜歡月夜麼？——你不曉得月夜能夠怎樣暴虐。這樣的清朗月夜，空氣好像在寒光中變硬了，有許多雲成爲很長的一層一層躺在那裏——提瑪，花和葉緊緊的團聚其香氣於四周，好像有一層香霜蓋住牠們，全數的聲響好像都在遠處並不逗留就忽然死了——這樣的一夜是很不慈不悲的，因為這樣的一夜使渴想變作更奇異的濃烈；寂靜從你的靈魂的各方用硬唇啜渴想出來，在全片的清明中卻毫無略閃微光的希望，無酣睡的允許。提瑪呀，提瑪呀，我怎樣的叫喊呀，你從來不會當着月光叫喊麼？愛人呀，你若不叫喊你會慚愧的；你是絕不會叫喊的了，將來你所享受的全是陽光全是有玫瑰花的晚上——有玫瑰花的晚上——。”

她把她自己整個放在他的擁抱中，她看他看到忘了自己，她的兩脣喃喃的說奇異的戀愛香甜話，被她的呼吸

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after him, as if she were whispering them to her own heart.

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A quiver passed through his clasping arms and woke her. She thrust him from her with both hands and set herself free.

"Go, Niels, go! You must not be here, you must not. Do you hear?"

He tried to draw her to him again, but she broke away, wild and pale. She was trembling from head to foot and stood holding her arms out from her body as if she were afraid to touch herself.

Niels would have knelt and caught her hand.

"Don't touch me!" There was desperation in her look. "Why don't you go when I am begging you to? Good heavens, why can't you go? No, no, don't speak to me, go away, you—Can't you see I am shaking before you? Look, look! Oh, it's wicked the way you are treating me! And when I'm begging you to go!"

It was impossible to say a word; she would not listen. She was quite beside herself. Tears streamed from her eyes; her face was almost distorted and seemed to give out light in its pallor.

'Oh, do go! Can't you see that you are humiliating me by staying? You are brutal to me, that's what you are! What have I done to you that you ill-treat me this way? Do go! Have you no pity?"

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阻住有一半說不出來，她述他所說的話，好像低聲對她自己的心說。

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〔街上說話聲音停止了，使她不寧，他們眼不看眼不敢旁看，又不敢說他們相看的意思。譯者注。〕後來他兩手顫動驚醒她，她用手推開他，擺脫了她自己。

“尼勒斯，你走呀，你走呀！你必不可以在這裏，你必不可以在這裏，你聽見麼？”

他嘗試再拉她過來，她臉色慌亂發白，跑開。她從頭至腳渾身發抖，站在那裏伸出兩手，好像怕摩她自己。

尼勒斯正想跪下提她的手。

“你不要摩我！”她的臉上有無論怎樣都要脫逃的神色。“我求你走開，你爲什麼不走？天呀，你爲什麼不能走？不，不，你不要同我說話，你走開——難道你不能看見我在你面前發抖麼？你看呀，你看呀！你這樣待我是很惡劣的！我求你走呀！”

他說一句話也是不可能的了；她不肯聽。她很糊塗了。她的兩眼流淚；她的臉好像幾乎變作奇形怪狀了，她臉上的死白色好像發光。

“你去呀！你能曉得你逗留在這裏就是羞辱我麼？你這樣待我，你就是個畜牲，你是的！我對你作過什麼事，你這樣虐待我呀！你走呀！你無憐憫心麼？”（這一篇文章極力寫坡爾太太怎樣同自己奮鬪，尼勒斯只好走了。三星期後坡爾太太果然嫁了人啦。譯者注。）

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CHAPTER XI

As the autumn advanced, Erik's drinking-bouts became more frequent. What was the use, he said to Niels, of sitting at home waiting for ideas that never came, until his thoughts turned to stone in his head? Moreover, he did not get much comfort from Niels's society; he needed people with some grit¹ in them, people of lusty flesh and blood, not a whim-wham² of delicate nerves. Niels and Fennimore were therefore left much alone, for Niels came over to Marianelund every day.

The covenant of friendship they had made and the talk they had had on that Sunday afternoon put them at their ease with each other, and, lonely as they both were, they drew closer together in a warm and tender friendship, which soon gained a strong hold over both. It absorbed them so that their thoughts, whether they were together or apart, always turned to this bond, as birds building the same nest look on everything they gather or pass by with the one pleasant goal of making the nest snug and comfortable for each other and themselves.

If Niels came while Erik was away, they nearly always, even on rainy and stormy days, took long walks in the woods behind the garden. They had fallen in love with that forest, and grew fonder of it as they watched the summer life die out. There were a thousand things to see.

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They scoured the forest from end to end, eager to find all its treasures and marvels. They had divided it between

¹grit, 有胆量, 有毅力, 氣骨. ²whim-wham, 玩具.

第 十 一 回

〔伊力克當雕塑師，娶了太太名芬尼摩爾（Fennimore）初時夫婦是很相得，後來逐漸氣味不相投了。譯者注〕到了深秋時候，伊力克更常常的鬧酒啦。他對尼勒斯說，在家老候着意思來，意思老不來，等到他的思想在頭腦裏變作石頭有什麼用處呀？況且他同尼勒斯在一起，得不着什麼安慰，他要同幾個有氣骨的人做朋友，要同有血氣的人做朋友，不要同神經嬌嫩的玩具做朋友。所以常剩下尼勒斯和芬尼摩爾同在一起，因為尼勒斯每天都到瑪理安蘭（Marianelund）來。

他們約過做朋友，又經過那星期日下午的談論（談的是婦人貞潔。譯者注。）他們彼此相待都很可以安心，他們兩人雖然都是寂寞的，他們的熱烈的及溫柔的交情引他們更親近，這樣的交情不久就很有力的節制他們。這樣的交情吸收他們，他們無論同在一起或分開，他們的思想常回到這樣的關係，如同兩隻鳥結造同一的巢一般，他們無論採什麼東西或不採什麼東西，他們只有一個適意的目的，要為彼此及為他們作一個舒服安樂的巢。

倘若尼勒斯來的時候，正值伊力克不在家，無論晴雨，他們幾乎常在花園背後的樹林裏走很長的路散步。他們愛上這個樹林，他們看着夏天的生活死了他們更愛這個樹林。這裏頭有千種東西可看。

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他們從樹林的這一盡頭走到那一盡頭，這個樹林全被他們巡哨遍了，他們很熱心的找尋全數的寶物及怪物。

them as children do; the part on one side of the road was Fennimore's property, and that on the other side was Niels's, and they would compare their realms and quarrel about which was the more glorious. Everything there had names—clefts and hillocks, paths and stiles, ditches and pools; and when they found a particularly magnificent tree, they gave that too a name. In this way they took complete possession and created a little world of their own which no one else knew and no one else was at home in, and yet they had no secret which all the world might not have heard.

As yet they had not.

But love was in their hearts, and was not there, as the crystals are present in a saturated solution, and yet are not present, not until a splinter or the merest particle of the right matter is thrown into the solution, releasing the slumbering atoms as if by magic, and they rush to meet one another, joining and riveting themselves together according to unsearchable laws, and in the same instant there is crystal—crystal.

So it was a trifle that made them feel they loved.

There is nothing to tell. It was a day like all other days, when they were alone together in the sitting-room, as they had been a hundred times before; their conversation was about things of no moment¹, and that which happened was outwardly as common and as every-day-like as possible. It was nothing except that Niels stood looking out of the window, and Fennimore came over to him and looked out too. That was all, but it was enough, for in a

¹ no moment, 不要緊

他們同孩子們一般，分開這個樹林作兩半個；在路邊的這一部分算是芬尼摩爾的產業，在那邊的一部分算是尼勒斯的，他們會比較他們的土地，他們又爭吵那一片土地更爲榮耀。那裏無論什麼都有了名字——山澗及小山，小徑與柵欄，溝與池都有名字；他們找着一棵特別宏壯的樹，他們又替這棵樹起個名字。他們就是這樣把全個樹林據爲己有，成爲他們自己的一個小世界，別無他人曉得，又別無他人到了這個樹林享受賓至如歸之樂，但是他們並無什麼全個世界所可以聽見的祕密（這是寫兩人光明磊落，如同兩小無猜。譯者注。）

現在他們還沒得祕密。

但是他們心裏都有了愛情啦，如同在濃液中已經有了晶子，卻還不曾結成，要等到摔入一顆小的尖塊或一小顆合宜之物，猶如同演魔術一般，解放那許多酣睡無振作的原子，晶子們就衝過來相會，照着不能尋着的法律連合起來，凹凸相投，同時就變成一粒晶顆。

他們也是這樣，只要一點不相干的小事就會使他們覺得他們戀愛。

說不出是什麼使他們覺得相愛的。那一天如同全數其他別一天一樣，那個時候他們獨自兩人同在起坐間裏，從前他們有過一百次同坐在這裏；他們所談的並不是什麼要緊事，當時所發生的事，從外表看來，是很平常的，同平日所發現的事絕不能有什麼差別，那天並無什麼事，也不過是尼勒斯坐在那裏，向窗外望，芬尼摩爾走過來，也往外望，其實不過是這樣，但是這樣卻足夠了，因爲如同閃

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flash like lightning, the past and present and future were transformed for Niels Lyhne by the consciousness that he loved the woman standing by his side, not as anything bright and sweet and happy and beautiful that would lift him to ecstasy or rapture—such was not the nature of his love—but he loved her as something he could no more do without than the breath of life itself, and he reached out, as a drowning man clutches, and pressed her hand to his heart.

She understood him. With almost a scream, in a voice full of terror and agony, she cried out to him an answer and a confession: “Oh, *yes*, Niels!” and snatched away her hand in the same instant. A moment she stood, pale and shrinking, then sank down with one knee in an upholstered chair, hiding her face against the harsh velvet of the back, and sobbed aloud.

Niels stood a few seconds as though blinded, groping around among the bulb-glasses for support. It was only for a very few seconds; then he stepped over to the chair where she was lying, and bent over without touching her, resting one hand on the back of the chair.

“Don’t be so unhappy, Fennimore! Look up and let us talk about it. Will you, or will you not? Don’t be afraid! Let us bear it together, my own love! Come, try if you can’t!”

She raised her head slightly and looked up at him. “Oh, God, what shall we do! Is n’t it terrible, Niels! Why should such a thing happen to me? And how lovely it all could have been—so happy!” and she sobbed again.

“Should I not have spoken?” he moaned. “Poor Fennimore, would you rather never have known it?”

尼 勒 斯 萊 尼

電的一瞬間，尼勒斯覺得既往、現在及將來全改變了，他覺得他戀愛站在他身邊的女人，並不是愛她是一個光華香甜歡樂美貌的女人，會高舉他到狂樂——他的戀愛不是這樣的——他戀愛她好像是他不能無她，如同他不能無養命的呼吸一般，他伸出手來抓，好像溺水的人伸手抓一般，他拉她的手壓在他心上。

她明白他的意思。她對他喊出一句答復的話，又是承認的話，說道：“呀，是呀，尼勒斯！”她這一喊幾乎是大喊，聲音滿是恐怖與心痛。同時她把手搶回來。她站着一會，臉色發白身往後縮，隨即一膝跪倒在無鋪墊的一把椅子上，頭靠着椅背的天鵝絨，藏着她的臉，大聲嗚咽。

尼勒斯站在那裏有幾秒鐘，好像瞎了雙目一般，在一堆圓玻璃盃中瞎摩，找東西扶他自己。過了不多幾秒鐘他隨即走過去她所躺的椅子，低頭對着她，並不摩她，一手扶在椅背上。

“芬尼摩爾，你不必這樣愁苦！你擡頭，讓我們談談這件事。你肯不肯？你不要怕！我的愛人呀，不如我們兩人同忍受這痛苦吧！我的愛人，來呀，試看你能不能！”

她稍微擡頭看他，說道，“上帝呀，我們作什麼是好！尼勒斯，這不是很可怕的嗎！我為什麼會遇着這種事呀？本來能夠多麼快樂——多麼快樂呀！”她又嗚咽。

他呻吟道，“我是不是不該說的呀？可憐的芬尼摩爾，你是不是寧願始終不曉得我們相愛呀？”

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She raised her head again and caught his hand. "I wish I knew it and were dead. I wish I were in my grave and knew it, that would be good—oh, so peaceful and good!"

"It is bitter for us both, Fennimore, that the first thing our love brings us should be only misery and tears. Don't you think so?"

"You must not be hard on me, Niels. I can't help it. You can't see it as I do—I am the one that should be strong, because I am the one that is bound. I wish I could take my love and force it back into the most secret depth of my soul and lock it in and be deaf to all its wailing and its prayers, and then tell you to go far, far away; but I can't, I have suffered so much, I can't suffer that too—I can't, Niels. I can't live without you—see, can I? Do you think I can?"

She rose and flung herself on his breast.

"Here I am, and I won't let you go; I won't send you away, while I sit here alone in the old darkness. It is like a bottomless pit of loathing and misery. I won't throw myself into it. I would rather jump into the fjord, Niels. Even if the new life brings other agonies, at least they are new agonies, and have n't the dull sting of the old, and can't stab home like the old, which know my heart so cruelly well. Am I talking wildly? Yes, of course I am, but it is so good to talk to you without any reserve and without having to be careful not to say what I have no right to. For now you have the first right of all! I wish you could take me wholly, so that I could belong to you utterly and not to any one else at all. I wish you could lift me out of all relations that hedge me in!"

尼 勒 斯 萊 尼

她又擡頭，抓住他的手。“我願我先前曉得，我但願我死了。我但願我在墳墓裏，我但願曉得我在墳墓裏，這就好啦——呀，多麼安寧。又多麼好呀！”

“芬尼摩爾，這件事令我們兩人都痛苦，因為我們的相愛所得的第一件結果不過令我們愁苦，令我們流淚。你看是不是？”

“尼勒斯，你必不可以苛責我。我不能不那樣做。我所看到的，你不能看到——因為我是受束縛的，我應該強硬的。我但願能夠取回我的愛情，強逼我的愛情回在我的靈魂最深處，鎖起來，充耳不聞愛情的全數痛哭及呼籲，隨即叫你走開，走得遠遠的；可惜我不能，我已經受過很多痛苦，我不能再受了，尼勒斯，我不能再受了。我無你就不能活——你看，我能嗎？你想看，我能嗎？”

她起來，倒在他懷裏。

“我在這裏啦，我不讓你走啦；當我獨自一個坐在老是黑及暗裏，我不打發你走。這裏好像一個可厭的及愁苦的無底深坑。我不敢跳入深坑裏，我寧願跳入兩邊高岸的江灣裏。尼勒斯呀，即使新生活送來其他諸多痛苦，他姑勿論，這樣的痛苦至少也是新的，卻無舊痛苦的無味的螫刺，不能如舊時的螫刺那樣深入，因為這樣的螫刺曉得我的心太清楚。我是不是胡亂說話？是的，我自然是的，但是我毫不隱瞞，盡情對你說明，我又不必處處留神，只管對你說我所不該說的話，我覺得心裏舒服。因為你現在得了優先權！我願你能夠把我全個人拿去，我就能夠完全是你的，不是別人的。我願你能夠拔我出於樊籠我的全數關係之外！”

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"We must break through them, Fennimore. I will arrange everything as well as possible. Don't be afraid! Some day, before any one suspects anything, we shall be far away."

"No, no, we must n't run away, anything but that, anything else rather than have my parents hear their daughter had run away. It is impossible! I will never do it. By God in heaven, Niels, I will never do it."

"Oh, but you must, dear, you must. Can't you see all the baseness and ugliness that will rise and close in around us everywhere, if we stay, all the lies and deceptions that will entangle us and drag us down? I won't have you smooched by all that. I refuse to let it eat into our love like corroding rust."

But she was immovable.

"You don't know what you are condemning us to," he said sadly. "It would be far better to crush under iron heels now instead of sparing. Believe me, Fennimore, we must let our love be everything to us, the first and only thing in the world, that which must be saved, even at the cost of stabbing where we would rather heal and bringing sorrow where we would rather keep every shadow of sorrow far away. If we don't do that, you will see that the yoke we bend our necks under now will weigh on us and at last force us to our knees, unmercifully, inexorably.—A fight on our knees, you don't know how hard that is! Shall we fight the fight anyway, dear, side by side, against everything?"

.

“芬尼摩爾，我們必得決出樊籬，我儘我的能力布置一切。你不必怕！有一天無人疑及我們，我們就遠走高飛了。”

“不可，不可，我們必不可以逃走，無論什麼都可，惟不可以逃走，無論什麼都可以，惟不可以使我的父母聽說他們的女兒逃走了。這是不可能的！我絕不肯逃走。上帝在上，尼勒斯，我絕不肯逃走。”

“寶貝呀，但是你必得逃走。你不曉得麼，我們若逗留不走，無論什麼地方都有種種的卑劣事及難堪的事發生，密密的環繞我們，還有種種謊話及欺騙阻礙我們，拖我們下去？我不願你被全數這樣的事所 smooched 我不肯任由這樣的事如同腐蝕的鏽蝕入我們的愛情。”

但是她不爲所動。

他慘然的說道，“你不曉得你會陷害我們到什麼地步。現在我們與其放手，反遠不如踐踏在鐵蹄之下。芬尼摩爾，你得相信我，我們必得看重我們的愛情，當是世界上第一件最切己的事，惟一的事，必定要挽回的，凡是我們原想療治的地方反不如一刀刺入，我們原想把愁苦的影子遠遠驅逐，反不如讓愁苦來侵。我們若不這樣做，你將見得彎我們頸子的輓，現在壓我們，後來就會毫不憐憫的及很殘酷的逼我們雙膝跪下。——你不曉得跪在地下打仗是多麼爲難的！寶貝呀，我們不如還是打，比肩的打，抗拒無論什麼，好不好？”

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One evening toward the end of the month, Fennimore was sitting alone in her parlor after tea and waiting.

The room was brightly illumined; the piano stood open with candles lit, and the silk shade had been taken from the lamp. The gilded moldings caught the light, and the pictures on the walls seemed to stand out with a kind of vigilance. The hyacinths had been moved from the windows to the writing-table, where they made a mass of delicate colors, filling the air with a penetrating fragrance that seemed cool in its purity. The fire in the stove burned with a pleasant subdued crackle.

Fennimore was walking up and down the room almost as if she were balancing on a dark red stripe in the carpet. She wore a somewhat old-fashioned black silk dress with a heavily embroidered edge that weighed it down and trailed, first on one side, then on the other, with every step she took.

She was humming to herself and holding with both hands a string of large pale yellow amber beads that hung from her neck. Whenever she wavered on the red stripe, she would stop humming, but still grasped the necklace. Perhaps she was making an omen for herself: if she could walk a certain number of times up and down without getting off the red stripe and without letting go with her hands, Niels would come.

He had been there in the morning, when Erik went away, and had stayed till late in the afternoon, but he had promised to come again as soon as the moon was up and it was light enough to see the holes in the ice on the fjord.

Fennimore had obtained her omen, whatever it was, and stepped over to the window.

〔芬尼摩爾和尼勒斯用種種詭詐手段欺瞞伊力克，伊力克終日無所事常不在家出外喝酒尋樂。譯者注。〕到了三月底的一天傍晚，吃過茶之後芬尼摩爾獨自一人坐在小客廳裏等候。

屋裏點得很亮；打開鋼琴，點着蠟燭，從燈上取下網罩。鍍金的嵌線得着燈光，牆上的畫片好像突出來，帶着一種留心察看神色。從窗口把風信子花挪到寫字桌上，成爲一堆嬌嫩顏色，滿屋子都是撲鼻的花香，好像又清又冷，爐裏的火點得旺，帶着一種悅耳的低低的畢僕聲。

芬尼摩爾在屋裏走上走落，好像是在地毯的一條深紅柳條紋上均稱她的身子。她穿一件有點舊式的黑綢衣服，帶着很重的繡花衣邊把衣服拖下來，她每走一步，一會在這邊垂下來，一會又在那邊垂下來。

她哼哼的唱，兩手抓住從頸上掛下來的一串大粒的淡黃琥珀珠子。無論什麼時候她在紅色柳條紋上身子搖擺不定，她嘴裏就不哼啦，兩手卻還抓住頸串。也許她是爲自己卜一個吉兆：他若能夠走上走落若干次，還是在紅色柳條上不必伸出兩手，這就是尼勒斯會來望她的吉兆。

那天早上伊力克出門，他已經來過，逗留到下午很晚纔走的，但是他答應月亮一出他再來。因爲那時候的月光足夠看見河上的冰的許多小洞啦。

芬尼摩爾已經得了預兆啦，且不管是吉是凶，她走到窗子。

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It looked as if there would not be any moon to-night; the sky was very black, and the darkness must be more intense out there on the gray-blue fjord than on land where the snow lay. Perhaps it was best that he did not attempt it. She sat down at the piano with a sigh of resignation, then got up again to look at the clock. She came back and resolutely propped up a big book of music before her, but did not play, merely turning the leaves absent-mindedly, lost in her own thoughts.

Suppose, after all, that he was standing on the opposite shore this very moment, fastening on his skates. He could be here in an instant! She saw him plainly, a little bit out of breath after skating, and blinking with his eyes against the light on coming from the darkness outside. He would bring a breath of cold air, and his beard would be full of tiny little bright drops. Then he would say—what would he say?

She smiled and glanced down at herself.

And still the moon did not appear.

She went over to the window again and stood gazing out, till the darkness seemed to be filled before her eyes with tiny white sparks and rainbow-colored rings. But they were only a vague glimmer. She wished they would be transformed into fireworks out there, rockets shooting up in long, long curves and then turning to tiny snakes that bored their way into the sky and died in a flicker; or into a great, huge pale ball that hung tremulous in the sky and slowly sank down in a rain of myriad-colored stars. Look! Look! Soft and rounded like a curtsy, like a golden rain that curtsied.—Farewell! Farewell! There went the last one.—Oh dear, if he would only come! She did not want

尼 勒 斯 萊 尼

今晚好像無月；天是很黑的，在灰藍色的河上必定比鋪滿雪的地上黑得多。也許他不如不嘗試走來。她歎了一口不望他來的氣，坐在鋼琴前，隨後又起來看看鐘。她走回來，很決絕的支起一大本琴譜在面前，卻並不彈，不過失神的翻琴譜，她沉埋在自己的思想裏。

姑且試猜這個時候，他到底站在對岸，穿牢他的冰鞋。他一會就能夠到這裏啦！她很清楚的看見他，跑過冰之後稍微喘氣，他從黑暗地方走出來，看見亮光，眨眨眼。他會帶進一陣冷氣，他的鬍子會掛滿小小的光點。隨後他就會說——他說些什麼？（這是寫芬尼摩爾盼望情人到來的胡思亂想，譯者注。）

她微笑，往下看看她自己。

月亮還不會出來。

她又走到窗口，站在那裏往外望，望到面前那一片黑暗好像全是小白點和五色圈子，這都不過是空洞的閃光。她但願外面這許多閃光變作煙火，火箭向天射，成爲很長的曲線，隨後變作許多小蛇向天上鑽，閃爍一會，就消滅了；不然，就變作一個很大的淡光球，抖抖的懸在天上，慢慢沉下來，變作千千萬萬有顏色的星子，像雨一般落下來。看呀！看呀！柔和的，圓的，像屈膝行禮，像屈膝行禮的黃金雨。——送行啦！送行啦！最末後一個也走了。——哎，但願他來！她本來不要彈琴——她說完，掉過身子來向着

to play—and at that she turned to the piano, struck an octave harshly, and held the keys down till the tones had quite died away, then did the same again, and again, and yet again. She did not want to play, did not want to.—She would rather dance! For a moment she closed her eyes, and in imagination she felt herself whirling through a vast hall of red and white and gold. How delicious it would be to have danced and to be hot and tired and drink champagne! Suddenly she remembered how she and a school friend had concocted champagne from soda water and eau de cologne, and how sick it had made them when they drank it.

She straightened herself and walked across the room, instinctively smoothing her dress as after a dance.

“And now let us be sensible!” she said, took her embroidery and settled herself in a large armchair near the lamp.

Yet she did not work; her hands sank down into her lap, and soon she snuggled down into the chair with little lazy movements, fitting herself into its curves, her face resting on her hand, her dress wrapped around her feet.

She wondered curiously whether other wives were like her, whether they had made a mistake and been unhappy and then had loved some one else.

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Erik, too, had once told her that he had been madly in love with Mrs. Boye.

Ah, if one could know everything about her!

She laughed at the thought of Mrs. Boye’s new bushand.

All the time, while her thoughts were thus engaged, she was longing and listening for Niels, and imagined him

鋼琴，彈一排七個主音，彈到很難聽，按下律鍵等到樂音全消滅了，她再彈，彈了又彈。她不要彈琴，她不要彈。——她想跳舞！她有一會子閉了目，她在想像裏頭覺得她自己在一個紅色白色及金色的大廳裏旋轉。若果跳舞過，覺得熱，覺得疲倦，喝香賓酒，這有多麼快樂呀！她忽然記得她與一個同學怎樣用梳打水及柯隆(Cologne)香水製香賓，他們喝了覺得怎樣惡心。

她挺得直直的在屋裏走，不知不覺的扯平她的衣服，一如跳過之後一般。

她說道，“現在讓我們做個明白人罷！她拿繡活在手，坐在燈旁的一把大交椅上。

她不曾作繡工，不久就懶懶的隱在椅子裏，把身子湊合椅子的曲線，一手托臉，她的衣服裹住她的兩腳。

她心裏自問，別的太太們是不是同她一樣，她們是不是錯嫁了人，變作不歡樂，隨後戀愛別人。〔她想到好幾個太太，想到坡爾太太。譯者注。〕

。 。 。 。 。 。

伊力克有一次告訴過她，他曾戀愛過坡爾太太，戀愛到瘋了。

呀，譬如如有人能夠曉得她所做的一切事！

她想到坡爾夫人的新丈夫就大笑。

當她一面這樣思想的時候，她在那裏只渴想着尼勒斯，留心聽他來了沒有，心裏想像他正在要來，常在冰上

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coming, always coming out there on the ice. She little guessed that for the last two hours a tiny black dot had been working its way over the snowy meadows with a message for her very different from the one she was expecting from across the fjord. It was only a man in homespun and greased boots, and now he tapped on the kitchen window, frightening the maid.

It was a letter, Trine said when she came in to her mistress. Fennimore took it. It was a telegram. Quietly she gave the maid the receipt and dismissed her; she was not in the least alarmed, for Erik of late had often telegraphed that he would bring one or two guests home with him the following day.

Then she read.

Suddenly she turned white and darted wildly from her seat out into the middle of the room, staring at the door with expectant terror.

She would not let it come into the house, did not dare to, and with one bound she threw herself against the door, pressing her shoulder against it, and turned the key till it cut her hand. But it would not turn, no matter how hard she tried. Her hand dropped. Then she remembered that the thing was not here at all—it was far away from her in a strange house.

She began to shake, her knees would no longer support her, and she slid along the door to the floor.

Erik wa dead. The horses had run away, had overturned the carriage at a street corner, and hurled Erik with his head against the wall. His skull had been fractured, and now he lay dead at Aalborg. That was told in the telegram. No one had been with him in the carriage

走出來。她卻猜不着在最後兩點鐘有一個小黑點從鋪滿雪的田地上走來，送信給她，並不是她所盼望從河那邊過來的人。這個人不過是穿了家機布衣服，及一雙抹過油的鞋子，現在他敲廚房的窗子，驚嚇那個女僕。

女僕特利尼 (Trine) 走進來，對女主人說是一封信，芬尼摩爾拿信。原來是一封電報。她安安穩穩的把收條給女僕，就打發她出去；她一點也不驚怖，因為新近伊力克，屢次發電報，說他明天帶一兩個朋友到家來。

隨後她讀電報。

她的臉色忽然變白，很慌亂的從她的坐處跳起來，跳到屋子中間，帶着料到的恐怖，兩眼瞪着門。

她不肯亦不敢讓她所恐怖的事物進屋，她只一跳，就攔住門，用肩頂門，轉鎖匙，轉到傷了手。無論她怎樣用力轉，總轉不過去。她放下她的手。她隨後記得那個事物並不在這裏——那個事物在一所她所素不相識的人家裏，離她很遠。

她起首發抖，她的兩膝不肯再支持她，她沿着門溜在地下。

原來是伊力克死了。幾匹馬跑走了，把馬車翻在街角上，把伊力克和他的頭撞在牆上。他的頭撞破了，他死了，現時躺在亞爾堡 (Aalborg)。他就是這樣死的，大部分這樣的情形敘在電報裏。無人與他同車，只有那個（人稱阿

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except the white-necked tutor known as the Arab. It was he who had telegraphed.

She crouched on the floor moaning feebly, both palms spread out on the carpet, her eyes staring with a fixed, empty look, as she swayed helplessly to and fro.

.

She rose and walked about, supporting herself by chairs and tables like one who is ill. Desperately she looked around for some cobweb of help, if it were only a comforting glance, a sympathetic pat of the hand, but her eyes met nothing but the glaring family portraits, all the strangers who had been witnesses of her fall and her crime—sleepy old gentlemen, prim-mouthed matrons, and their ever-present gnome child, the girl with the great round eyes and bulging forehead. It had acquired memories enough at last, this strange furniture, the table over there, and that chair, the footstool with the black poodledog, and the portière¹ like a dressing-gown,—she had saturated them all with memories, adulterous memories, which they now spewed out and flung after her. Oh, it was terrible to be locked in with all these spectres of crime and with herself. She shuddered at herself; she pointed accusing fingers at herself, at this dishonored Fennimore who crouched at her feet; she pulled her dress away from between her imploring² hands. Mercy? No, there was no mercy! How could there be mercy before those dead eyes in the strange town, those eyes which had become seeing, now

¹portière, 門簾. ²imploring, 乞憐.

刺伯人)白頸子先生同他在車裏。發電報的就是他。

她在地板上縮作一團，低聲呻吟，兩隻手掌放在地毯上，兩眼直瞪，帶着目無所見的神氣，她不知怎樣是好的兩邊搖擺。

。 。 。 。 。 。

〔她剛纔是很歡樂的，現在忽然無不變作黑暗與可厭的了。譯者注。〕她起來走上走落，她好像病了，要用椅子桌子扶她。她絕望了，只好四面看看，找點最輕微的東西幫助，那怕不過是能安慰的看她一眼，表同情的用手拍拍她，但是她所見的只是瞪眼看她的家族像片，全是她素不相識的人，卻曾眼見她失足，眼見她犯罪——都是些好睡的老頭子，擄着嘴的老婆子，還有他們的永遠在跟前的鬼怪孩子，就是那個突額有兩隻大圓眼睛的女孩子。這樣奇怪的家具，放在那邊的桌子，那把椅子，那張矮凳子連同那着黑狗，還有好像一件梳洗衣的門簾，後來都得了許多記念啦——原是她使這許多東西飽看她犯淫的，現在這許多東西把當日所看見的全吐出來，跟着她後頭罵，她與這些眼見她犯淫的鬼同被囚在這裏，是多麼可怕呀。她對着她自己發抖；她用手指指責她自己，指着縮在她腳下的這個無恥失節的芬尼摩爾；她拉開在她的兩隻乞憐的手之間的衣服。乞憐麼！無人憐憫她！死者在異地，那一雙死眼能夠有什麼憐憫呀，人死了那兩隻眼變作玻璃了，現在

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that they were glazed in death, and saw how she had thrown his honor in the mud, lied at his lips, been faithless at his heart.

She could feel those dead eyes riveted on her; she did not know whence they came, but they followed her, gliding down her body like two ice-cold rays. As she looked down, while every thread of the carpet, every stitch in the footstools, seemed unnaturally clear in the strong, sharp light, she felt something walking about her with the footsteps of dead men, felt it brushing against her dress so distinctly that she screamed with terror, and darted to one side. But it came in front of her like hands and yet not like hands, something that clutched at her slowly, clutched derisively and triumphantly at her heart, that marvel of treachery, that yellow pearl of deceit! And she retreated till she backed up against the table, but it was still there, and her bosom gave no protection against it; it clutched through her skin and flesh. . . . She almost died of terror, as she stood there, helplessly bending back over the table, while every nerve contracted with fear, and her eyes stared as if they were being murdered in their sockets.

Then that passed.

She looked around with a haunted look, then sank down on her knees and prayed a long time. She repented and confessed, wildly and unrestrainedly, in growing passion, with the same fanatic selfloathing that drives the nun to scourge her naked body. She sought fervently after the most grovelling expressions, intoxicating herself with self-abasement and with a humility that thirsted for degradation.

At last she rose. Her bosom heaved violently, and

卻能看見她怎樣不顧他的名譽拋棄在泥裏，對他說謊，做失節的事。

她能夠覺得那一雙死眼釘住她；她不曉得是從什麼地方來的，卻總跟着她，溜下她身子好像兩條冰冷光線。她往下看，那時候地毯的每一條線，矮凳子每一針，在濃烈的無微不照的光亮中，好像很不自然的清楚，她卻覺得有樣東西帶着幾個死人的腳步，在她身邊走來走去，她覺得很清楚。這樣東西碰着她的衣服，她帶着恐怖叫喊，跳往一邊。那件東西卻到了她的面前，好像一雙手卻又不像一雙手，好像有什麼東西慢慢抓她，帶着恥笑及得意神氣抓她的心，她的心是一片極奇怪的陰謀陷害，是一顆欺騙的黃珠！她往後退，退到背靠着桌子，但是那個東西還在那裏，她的胸脯擋不住，這個東西透過皮肉抓她的心。……她恐怖到幾乎要死，她站在那裏，孤立無助的彎腰看着桌子，當下她的神經無一條不害怕到抽縮起來，她的兩眼直瞪，好像在眼眶裏被殺的一般。

那個東西過去啦。

她好像被鬼迷了的，四圍看看，隨即倒下來，跪着，祈禱了許久，她很動情啦，她很慌亂的，又毫不節制自己，盡情悔罪及供認，她發狂的厭惡她自己，同樣的瘋狂逼着尼姑鞭打自己的裸體。她很熱烈的找最卑賤的話，用自貶的話，麻醉她自己，還帶着渴想降低人格的自卑。

後來她站起來。她的胸口起落得很利害，她的死白色

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there was a faint light in the pale cheeks, which seemed to have grown fuller during her prayer.

She looked around the room as if she were taking a silent vow. Then she went into the adjoining room, closed the door after her, stood still a moment as though to accustom herself to the darkness, groped her way to door which opened on the glass-enclosed veranda, and went out.

It was lighter there. The moon had risen, and shone through the close-packed frozen crystals on the glass; the light came yellowish through the panes, blue and red through the squares of colored glass that framed them.

She melted a hole in the ice with her hand and carefully wiped away the moisture with her handkerchief.

As yet there was no one in sight out on the fjord.

She began to walk up and down in her glass cage. There was no furniture out there except a settee of cane and bent wood, covered with withered ivy leaves from the vines overhead. Every time she passed it, the leaves rustled faintly with the stirring of the air, and now and then her dress caught a leaf on the floor, drawing it along with a scratching sound over the boards.

Back and forth she walked on her dreary watch, her arms folded over her breast, hardening herself against the cold.

He came.

She opened the door with a quick wrench, and stepped out into the frozen snow in her thin shoes. She had no pity on herself, she could have gone bare-footed to that meeting.

Niels had slowed up at the sight of the black figure against the snow and was skating toward land with hesitating, tentative strokes.

的兩頰有點微光啦，當她祈禱的時候這樣的光好像變作更充滿啦。

她四面看看屋子，好像她在那裏不響的發誓願。隨後她走入隔壁屋子，關了門，站着一會不動，好像要習慣在黑暗裏，她摸着走，走到門，她從此走出去玻璃露臺。

這裏光些。月亮已經上來了，透過密鋪的冰花，照在玻璃上；透過玻璃的月光是淡黃色的，透過在四圍方塊顏色玻璃的月光是藍色和紅色的。

她用手在冰塊溶化一個洞，用手帕小心擦水。

這時候還不見河上有人。

她起首在這個玻璃籠子裏走上走落。外面並無家具，只有一張籐條及彎木所製的有背長椅，有頭上葡萄樹的乾葉遮住。她每次走過，空氣擾動，乾葉作微微的索索聲，有時她的衣服碰着地板的乾葉，就拖着葉走，板上作格拉聲。

她在那裏很寂寞的守夜，走過來走過去，兩臂交加放在胸前，要練成不怕冷。

他來了。

她快快的一擰，開了門，穿着薄鞋就走入雪已成冰的冷地方。她不憐恤她自己，她能夠赤腳走去與他相見。

尼勒斯遠遠看見雪中有一個黑人影就慢慢的溜向陸地，溜得遲疑無定的。

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That stealthy figure seemed to burn into her eyes. Every familiar movement and feature struck her as a shameless insult, as a boast of degrading secrets. She shook with hatred; her heart swelled with curses, and she could scarcely control her anger.

"It is I!" she cried out to him jeeringly, "the harlot, Fennimore!"

"But for God's sake, sweetheart?" he asked, astonished, as he came within a few feet of her.

"Erik is dead."

"Dead! When?" He had to step out into the snow with his skates to keep from falling. "Oh, but tell me!" Eagerly he took a step nearer.

They were now standing close together, and she had to restrain herself from striking that pale, distorted face with her clenched fist.

"I will tell you, never fear," she cried. "He is dead, as I said. He had a runaway in Aalborg and got his head crushed, while we were deceiving him here."

"It is terrible!" Niels moaned, pressing his hands to his temples. "Who could have dreamed—Oh, I wish we had been faithful to him, Fennimore! Erik, poor Erik!—I wish I were in his place!" He sobbed aloud, writhing with pain.

"I hate you, Niels Lyhne!"

"Oh, what does it matter about us!" Niels groaned; "if we could only get him back! Poor Fennimore!" he said with a change of feeling. "Never mind me. You hate me, you say? You may well hate me." He rose suddenly. "Let us go in," he said. "I don't know what I am saying. Who was it that telegraphed, did you say?"

尼 勒 斯 萊 尼

那個偷偷走來的人好像一把火燒入她的兩眼。她看見她所見慣的他的一舉動及面目，就好像是不顧廉恥的羞辱她，好像以貶低人格的祕密自鳴得意。她怨恨他到發抖；她心裏被咒罵所塞滿，她幾乎壓不住她的怒氣。

她帶着嘲笑腔調，對他喊道，“是我呀，是那個名芬尼摩爾的娼婦呀！”

他驚愕問道，“愛人，你爲什麼這樣說呀？”這時候他來到，離她不過幾尺遠。

“伊力克死了。”

他得用冰鞋走出去，走到雪上，纔能夠免得跌下來。他問道，“死了麼，幾時死的。”他又急急的走近一步，說道，“你得告訴我呀！”

現在他們站得很近啦，她還得節制她自己，阻止她不要揮拳打那片灰白色的改變到不成形的臉。

她喊道，“你勿慌，我肯告訴你。我纔說過，他死了。當我們在這裏騙他的時候，他的馬在亞爾堡亂跑，碰了他的頭。

尼勒斯兩手壓住太陽，呻吟道，這是很可怕的呀，誰能夢想到——芬尼摩爾呀，我悔不當初不欺騙他？伊力克，可憐的伊力克！——我很願我處他的地位！”他大聲痛哭，心痛到渾身發抖。

“尼勒斯萊尼，我怨恨你！”

尼勒斯呻吟道，“哎，這同我們有什麼相干呀？可憐的芬尼摩爾呀！只要我們能夠搬他回來！他說話帶點改變了感情的腔調。“你絕不必管我。你說你恨我，是不是你說的？你很可以恨我。”他忽然起來，說道，“我們不如進去，我不曉得我說些什麼。你說過是誰發電報的？”

NIELS LYHNE

"In!" Fennimore screamed, infuriated by his failure to notice her hostility. "In there! Never shall you set your craven, despicable foot inside that house again. How dare you think of it, you wretch, you false dog, who came sneaking in here and stole your friend's honor, because it was too poorly hidden! What, did you not steal it under his very eyes, because he thought you were honest, you house-thief!"

"Hush, hush, are you mad? What is the matter with you! What sort of language are you using?" He had caught her arm firmly, drawing her to him, and looked straight into her face in amazement. "You must try to come to your senses, child," he said in a gentler tone. "You can't mend matters by slinging ugly words."

She wrenched her arm away with such force that he staggered and almost lost his uncertain foothold.

"Can't you hear that I hate you!" she screamed shrilly. "And is n't there so much of a decent man's brain left in you that you can understand it! How blind I must have been when I loved you, you patched together with lies, when I had him at my side, who was ten thousand times better than you. I shall hate and despise you to the end of my life. Before you came, I was honest, I had never done anything wicked; but then you came with your poetry and your rubbish and dragged me down with your lies, into the mud with you. What have I done to you that you could not leave me alone—I who should have been sacred to you above all others! Now I have to live day after day with this shameful blot on my soul, and I shall never meet any one so base but that I know myself to be baser. All the memories of my girlhood you have poisoned. What

芬尼摩爾因為他不會看出她的仇視，就發狂的喊道，“進去呀！進去那裏呀！我絕不許你的可鄙的懦夫的腳，再踏進這所房子。你這個卑鄙東西，你這個欺騙的狗，你偷偷進來，因為你朋友不善收藏，你就偷了他的名譽，你還膽敢進去嗎！你還說什麼呀，因為他以爲你是一個忠實朋友，你這個竊賊竟敢當着他的面偷了他的名譽！”

他說道，“你瘋了，你不要響，你不要響，你怎麼樣啦！你說的是什麼話呀？”他已經緊緊捉住她的膀子，拉她過來，很詫異的直看她的臉。他用更和平的腔調說道，“孩子呀，你必得嘗試明白過來，你亂說這許多難聽的話，也不能補救呀。”

她用力奪回她的膀子，用力很猛，使他退後幾步，幾乎立腳不穩。

她喊得很刺耳的說道，“你不能聽見我說我恨你麼！你的腦海裏難道全無君子的知識，不能明白我這句話麼！當我愛你的時候，我是多麼瞎了眼呀，你東拉西扯的說了多少慌話呀，那時候我還有他在我的身邊，他好過你萬倍。我終身恨你，看不起你。在你未來之先，我是貞節的，我一向不會做過壞事；隨後你來了，對我說了許多什麼詩歌及許多不乾淨的話，用你的謊話把我拖下來，把我同你都拖入泥裏。我做過什麼對不起你事，你爲什麼不能隨我去不來犯我呀——你最應該看我是神聖不可侵犯的！現在我不能不帶着這個汙點在我的靈魂裏，日過一日了，我將永遠不會遇着一個比我還要卑賤的人了。我做姑娘時代所作所爲無一不是清潔的，全被你糟塌了。我現在追憶從前

NIELS LYHNE

have I to look back on that is clean and good now! You have tainted everything. It is not only he that is dead, everything bright and good that has been between us is dead, too, and rotten. Oh, God help me, is it fair that I can't get any revenge on you after all you have done? Make me honest again, Niels Lyhne, make me pure and good again! No, no—but it ought to be possible to torture you into undoing the wrong you have done. Can you undo it with lies? Don't stand there and crouch under your own helplessness. I want to see you suffer, here before my eyes, and writhe in pain and despair and be miserable. Let him be miserable, God, do not let him steal my revenge too! Go, you wretch, go! I cast you off, but be sure that I drag you with me through all the agonies my hate can call down over you."

還有什麼是清潔的，還有什麼是好的！你無論什麼全弄汙了。不獨是他死了，在我們夫婦之間，凡是光明的，凡是好的，也全死了，朽腐了。上帝幫我呀，你既毀了我，我不能在你的身上報復，這豈不是不公麼？尼勒斯·萊尼，你得使我再變作清潔的，再變作好人！不能的了，不能的了——但是使你受酷刑，受到你解脫你所做的壞事，應該是可能的。你能用謊話解放麼？你不要站在那裏，你不要縮在你無法可想之下，我要看你在我的眼前受苦，要見你絕望及受苦到渾身扭，要看見你愁苦。上帝呀，我求你使他愁苦，不要讓他把我的報復也偷了去！你這個賤種，你走呀！你走呀！我摔丟你，你卻要曉得，凡是我的怨恨所能喚起的全數痛苦，我要拖你同我受。”

〔他們兩人從此就分手了。後來尼勒斯出外遊歷數年，回家娶妻，第二年生子，第三年他的女人得病，不久就死了。隨後他的兒子也死了。他覺得無聊，這時候將有戰事，他投入義勇隊，中彈而死。譯者注。〕



(87441)

英漢對照名家小說選

尼 勒 斯 萊 尼

Niels Lyhne

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